THORNWELL ABBAS.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

THORNWELL ABBAS.

BY

GRANT LLOYD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

London:
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.
1876.

THORNWELL ABBAS.

CHAPTER I.

"And dined, untax'd, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious founder."
Warton's Progress of Discontent.

And now we must imagine the two girls, and Brown, Dot's maid, travelling in a first-class carriage to Oxford. The country was looking its best, the young ladies' spirits were at their highest, and they were only restrained from laughing and talking by the presence of two other ladies, both evidently Commemoration-bent.

The elder of the two looked like a *passée* beauty. She was dressed in slight mourning, with a light veil, which she kept down, and had fair hair and suspiciously pretty pink cheeks beneath it. Her figure and movements were peculiarly elegant, and her small white hands dazzled the eye with their brilliant jewellery. The younger girl had something "loud" about her manner and dress which was too fashionable to be in good taste. She was large and showy, with a profusion of hair, ornaments, and paraphernalia of every kind. Her motto seemed to be, "You cannot have too much of a good thing."

After studying Dot unblushingly for a few minutes, she began whispering and giggling with her friend. The other glanced intelligently at the party opposite, and would have spoken but for Brown's petrifying looks and Lina's complete absorption in Worsley's Odyssey,

which she was reading with the hope of improving her knowledge of the classics before setting foot in classic Oxford. There was a little more whispering, and then the younger lady pulled out of one of her bags two packs of cards, and they amused themselves with Bézique, to Dot's visible horror, all the rest of the way.

Every one knows what a chaos the Oxford railway stations present at Commemoration time. Fathers, mothers, sisters and cousins, brothers and sons hunting after one another. Lost luggage, telegraphic messages, bewildered ladies' maids, distracted but not wholly unrewarded porters. Dot has all but offered a sisterly kiss to an astonished young man whose hat and waistcoat are exactly like Walter's. The real Walter won't stand any public embraces when he *does* appear, but shakes hands with her and Lina alike.

"Charlie Sowerby," he says, "is somewhere about, looking for his mother, who is to come by this train. Have they seen her? Oh! there's the fly, and here's Mrs. Amberfield's footman. He'll look after you! Miss Lina, here's your bag and parasol. I hope I've not damaged them. Good-bye, Dot; we shall meet to-night. They've asked me to dinner, and then you'll tell me about them all at home." And so Walter waved his hat and the fly drove off.

"I was so glad when we got out of the train," said Dot.

"Were you? So was I. It was a long day for us."

"Ah, but I meant those two women! I felt almost sure they were card-sharpers. You've seen the notices sometimes, of course," said Dot, with impressive gravity, "in the stations, warning people. I'm sure they must look just like that."

"Oh, Dot," said Irene, laughing, "what fun you are! Didn't you see who that was?—Mrs. Sowerby, Mr. Sowerby's mother!"

"Was she? Well, I didn't think she looked nice. And as to that other person, I couldn't bear her."

"She'd got her hair done just like one of them low girls in the pastry-cook's shop at Blowcaster," said Brown. "I get quite ashamed for them, that I do, even though they're not ashamed for themselves. And how any female can put up with being spoken to, as them common fellows speaks to them, is what *I* never could bring myself to—not if you'd give me a hundred pounds a day, while *they'll* only seem to take a pride in it."

Dot went on, "I'm sure her hair wasn't real, was it, Lina?"

"Oh, I don't know! But I know she'd some of that horrid patchouli on her

handkerchief. The whole carriage smelt of it."

"Nice people never use scents," said Dot.

"Why, Lina, this must be the house! What a sharp turning! Ah! here we are. What a funny old brass knocker! and the windows are just like our old ones at Thornwell."

We will leave our readers to imagine the welcome, the old Jacobean house, shining with dark polished oak, its graceful, artistically-dressed mistress, and the Principal himself, a gentle old man, who smiled and twinkled and rubbed his hands and made the same gallant speeches and small jokes to the young ladies that had done duty for many a fair damsel during the last quarter of a century. He remembered Mr. Hooker up at Pembroke. Had he written anything since that excellent little book of his on the "Council of Chalcedon"? It

was only yesterday he was recommending it to a young student of theology. He did not know then that eloquence so much more powerful than his own would be taking the University world by storm, and with a bow to the girls, but more pointedly to Irene, he added, "As Sam Rogers would have said,—

> 'Her voice, whate'er she said, enchanted,
> Like music to the heart it went;
> And her dark eyes, how eloquent,
> Ask what they would, 'twas granted.'"

"I know what they would ask now," said Mrs. Amberfield, laying a hand on each girl's shoulder. "Leave off quoting poetry and sentiment, and let us go upstairs and rest, and dress for dinner."

"Is there to be a party?" said Dot, when Mrs. Amberfield had shown them into the formal, handsome bedroom, with its solid furniture (the choice of the last mis-

tress of St. Wilfred's but one), and had pointed out the pretty view of college, chapel, and hall from the dressing-room window. "Oh, no, my dear! We thought we'd spare you to-night. Only a beau a-piece for you. Your brother and Mr. Hering (he'll be Lord Yarmouth some day), and our old friends Professor and Mrs. Helmsley."

"What?" said Lina, colouring up with delight. "*The* Professor Helmsley? I mean that one who wrote that book about laurels and olive branches, or some such name."

"Yes! I'll tell him. He'll be so flattered."

"Oh, *please* don't! Please now, promise you won't."

"Very well; I promise. But you'll sit next him at dinner."

"Oh! But what is he really?"

"Professor of Dialectic!"

"Oh!" said Lina again, in an awe-stricken tone.

"I'm glad I'm not you, Lina," said Dot, when Mrs. A. had departed. I'll tell you, though, one thing you might ask him, whether he's any relation to the man who wrote that psalm tune."

"Oh! I shouldn't think he knew about things of that sort," said Lina, diving into her *sac-de-nuit.*

The dinner-party was very pleasant. Dot was placed between Mr. Hering and Mrs. Helmsley, both of whom did their best to entertain her. Lina had, as we have already said, the Professor and Walter, who was kept in play by Mrs. Amberfield, while, somewhat to his annoyance, Lina was giving herself up with enthusiasm to her new acquaintance.

The Professor was in every way a great contrast to Dr. Amberfield. The latter was a regular don of the old school,

polished, proper, and particular, with a classical quotation for everything and an inclination to look on Oxford, as he himself would have phrased it, as the ὀμφαλὸς γῆς.

He knew exactly what Monk had said, about what some other commentator had said, about what Euripides had said, about what Hippolytus or Medea had said on certain occasions, however remote from ordinary interest, and he reckoned time by the year in which So-and-so took his degree, or So-and-so was Vice-Chancellor, or by its distance from the publication of Tract XC., his Hegira.

Professor Helmsley, on the other hand, was a man of great general power, which happened to have displayed itself in literature, but which would have been conspicuous anywhere. He was a Yorkshire man, tall, massive, placid, humorous, and powerful; his fine brown hand (he had begun

life as a silk weaver), his slightly provincial accent, his hearty laugh and healthy appetite were all as unlike as possible to the sharply cut features, noiseless movements, and trim person of his courteous host, who bore about him the stamp of generations of culture, coddling, civilization, and conventionality.

Lina sat by her neighbour, frightened out of her wits for the first five minutes, while he ate his soup. What was she to say to him? Did Plato like soup? Would he expect her to know all about the death of Socrates? Was Socrates a Stoic or an Epicurean? She didn't feel sure. Did the ancient Greeks eat with spoons? She had a sort of idea that Socrates would have drunk his out of an amphora or patera—which was it? What *could* she say that was not far too stupid for a being of such exalted understanding?

While she was musing, his voice broke

in with the painfully commonplace inquiry, "Is this your first visit to Oxford?" Lina answered that it was, adding, in answer to some other questions, that she wasn't very tired, though they had had a long journey, all the way from Blowcaster.

"Blowcaster? Oh, really! What an interesting neighbourhood it is, so full of curious things! Crompton Castle not very far off, and Thornwell, if I remember right, within an easy distance."

"Of course, you know the ruins at Thornwell?" (Should she call him "sir"?)

"Pretty well. I went for a walking tour there in my younger days, and made some little outlines, hardly worth calling sketches. Haven't you got a Holy Well there, dedicated to St. Joseph?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Clever fellows those monks were! I

make no doubt that well had been celebrated for its medicinal virtues long before there was a church or convent there. They always adapted themselves so ingeniously to old traditions. I suppose there is scarcely a legend or superstition in Europe which they have not re-modelled to suit themselves. Just as you ladies do with the fashions" (laughing with enjoyment at his own joke). "You think you are coming out in something new, when all the while you are only reproducing what your great-grandmothers wore before you."

"Well, I'm glad to hear men do the same."

"Why, you don't expect us to be wiser than you? That would be putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance. But tell me a little more about Blowcaster. I had such a happy week in that neighbourhood once, with a dear old friend now no longer living.

'Matthew is in his grave, yet now
Methinks I see him stand
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand.'

That just describes it. When I think of him my memory leaps over all the miserable time when he was ill and failing, and I go back to my remembrance of him as he was that day. It is a mistake—don't you think so?—to think of people except at their best moments. Sometimes a great deal of a man's life is only like the setting of the jewel. Lord Nelson ought always to be saying, 'England expects every man to do his duty.' Queen Elizabeth ought always to be on horseback at Tilbury Fort. That's why I hate photographs so."

"So do I!" cried Lina; "but then—" (she began crumbling her bread and looking shy).

"Do tell me what you are going to say!

Young ladies are such accomplished critics they are sure to put their fingers directly on one's weak point."

"Oh, no!" said Lina; "I'm not a critic a bit. I think they're horrid, disagreeable things."

"Take care, Miss Hooker. Perhaps you don't know that you are talking to the most formidable critic in the University," said Dr. Amberfield, who had been lazily listening for a minute and a half.

"Oh, am I? I didn't know! I'm sure I beg your pardon. I hope I've not been dreadfully rude?" said Lina, whose bread was now reduced to infinitesimal fragments.

The Professor chuckled and his eyes twinkled.

"I'll forgive you, on condition you say what you were going to say."

"I don't seem as if I could. Only I meant to say, Don't you think when

people are ill or miserable or stupid, it is far harder for them to be good, and if they *are* good, it is so much the better?"

"Ah! you stand up for morality, and such commonplace qualities as patience and good temper," said the Professor, rather wickedly.

"If it wasn't for patience and good temper, I wonder where you'd be?" said his wife, shaking her head at him from the other side of the table.

"I'm sure I ought to thank my fair neighbour for hers. You're quite right, my dear." (He all but patted her on the back, which he had a habit of doing when he approved of any one.) "Quite right, and I hope you'll always keep to your own opinions, and never mind the stuff we foolish old dons talk. It's the effect of the Oxford atmosphere. But you were telling me something about Blowcaster. Haven't

they a curious old custom there on Palm Sunday?"

"We never go to church there."

"Oh, no; I forgot. But isn't there a curious old custom of some one's flourishing a whip over the clergyman's head as he reads the second lesson? I'm sure I've read about it in the 'Penny Cyclopædia' or some such place."

"How wonderful you should know more about it than I do, when I've been there all my life!"

"A melancholy proof of the number of years I have the advantage of you in. Besides, I may be mistaken."

It turned out, however, afterwards that the Professor was right, as he generally was. Lina and he had made such friends by the time dinner was over that she had promised to send him two sketches—one of St. Joseph's Well, and the other of a curious old cross in the neighbourhood,

and he had mentally resolved to present her with a little volume of early poems, of which a few choice copies with gilt edges were still in his possession. When the gentlemen came upstairs he introduced her to Mrs. Helmsley, a nice little, plump, sensible woman. Dot was rather disconsolate, turning over Arundel prints with Mrs. Amberfield, and much discomfited when that lady asked her carelessly whether the saint on his death-bed in one of them was St. Francis de Sales, or of Assisi. Middle-aged people little know how miserable they make shy girls by these unnecessary questions.

Walter and Mr. Hering were soon asked to join the ladies in a round game of cards. Mr. Hering somehow got next to Lina and thoroughly enjoyed himself, while Walter was thoroughly put out. He was almost rude to Dot, who, stupid and apologetic, was only kept in countenance by Mrs. Helms-

ley's tact and kindness. Somehow the evening was not going off altogether comfortably, and Mrs. Amberfield, who prided herself on the success of her little entertainments, looked rather annoyed in her turn. The Professor and Dr. Amberfield had the best of it, discussing the class list, and lamenting the departure of a crack classical tutor, who had just married and gone down.

"I must say I envy him, though," said the Professor. "The coal measures all about there are full of interest. I went down there myself once for a couple of days, and have been longing to go again ever since. There isn't such another place anywhere in England, take it for all in all. To the geologist, I mean."

"H'm," said Dr. Amberfield, adding in his silvery voice, "that's all very well, but I must say Maxwell is thrown away there. He'll never finish his Lucan.

. . . . They tell me there are twenty-five thousand people in that parish. I call him really thrown away!" Yet Dr. Amberfield had that very morning sent a handsome subscription to the Additional Curates' Fund, and actually promised twenty-five guineas to Mr. Maxwell for his Mission Church among the colliers.

At last the game came to an end, and the young gentlemen rose.

"We shall meet at the ball to-morrow night?" said Mr. Hering.

"I hope so!" said Dot.

Lina glanced at Mrs. Amberfield, who replied, "Oh, yes, you may look out for us, and if you have any very nice friends, I'll allow you to introduce them."

"I shan't avail myself too freely of your kind permission; I've too great a regard for my own interests. Good night, Mrs. Amberfield; thank you for a very pleasant evening."

"And you, Mr. Pike? We shall see you, I suppose, pretty early in the morning?"

"Thank you! I shall be delighted."

"Mind, we depend on you to help us through the crowd. And bring a friend with you, if you like."

"With pleasure," said Walter, suffering Dot to kiss him, and shaking hands rather coldly with Irene.

The two girls went up to bed over-tired, and not in the best of spirits.

"I wish Walter wouldn't be so cross!" said Dot, as soon as Brown had departed. "He was so angry with me because I took the seven of diamonds for the nine. It made me make so many more mistakes, and I'm sure Mrs. Amberfield noticed. *You* had a nice evening, though. I saw you looking so happy with the Professor. I wonder you weren't afraid of him. I couldn't think of anything to say to Mr. Hering. He asked

me if I'd ever been inside the schools. I couldn't think what schools he meant, so I said we had only an infant-school at home, and then Mrs. Helmsley laughed so, and I saw his mouth going under his moustache."

"Oh, don't you know, Dot? The places where the young men are examined. Surely Walter must have told you?"

"Walter never tells me anything, and then he seems to expect me to know them all, I don't know how!" said poor Dot, ready to cry.

"Don't cry! I can't allow that," said Lina, half-laughing, half-fondling her. "You're a poor, tired old thing. Make haste to bed, and you'll wake up quite fresh to-morrow. You know we must be up before seven, if we want to go to St. Mary's."

It was lucky for Irene that Dot wanted

comforting, for she herself was not over-happy on the subject of Walter. She had not meant to vex him, and yet vexed he was—there was no doubt of it.

Luckily, at twenty, sleep is not hard to woo, and our two errant damsels were in the land of dreams at an hour when the Professor, still at his books, was settling the probable date of the "Protagoras."

We shall not attempt to describe the oft-depicted scenes of Commemoration. People who have been there know what it is like, and those who have not can easily read about it. College, chapels, breakfasts, luncheons, public gardens, bonnets, parasols, fans, flowers, flirtations, bands playing, ices being consumed, scarlet gowns walking about, gold tassels bobbing over distinguished brows, African travellers, artists, poets, scientific men, philanthro-

pists, bishops, cabinet ministers, physicians, generals, Turks, Persians, Rajahs, and Mandarins all jumbled up together in the most delightful phantasmagoria; the beauty and wit, the fun and frolic of to-day, the bon-mot of the hour, the fire-new fashion, and the last distinguished hero, all moving and circulating in the summer sunshine beneath the gaze of old religious and academical solemnity. The popular prima donna puts her head in its Parisian bonnet out of a mullioned window, the nineteenth century is playing croquet on the old shaven lawns of retired Leisure, strains of Gounod and Wagner come floating along cloisters and quadrangles sacred to Croft and Aldrich, to Greene, Boyce, and Purcell. Old Latin terms are jumbled up with modern slang. Young Oxford may be caught smoking a cigar under his trencher cap. Muslin dresses and pink ribbons flit about among

the brown shades of the Bodleian, and Rimmel's perfumery mingles with the scent of old leather bindings and worm-eaten paper. The staircases are flowing with champagne, the tables groan under strawberries and cream. The old founders and benefactors look down on us in all kindness. A really great mind is always one to make allowances. Would Archbishop Chichely have grudged us that delightful luncheon in All Souls? Would William of Wykeham have wished to turn those lovely geraniums and lovelier young ladies out of New College Gardens? Would Cardinal Wolsey have shaken the tassels of his red hat at the Christ Church ball? We only wish these fine old prelates and princes could show themselves just for once in the Sheldonian Theatre. What a reception they would have! And perhaps their magnificent, old-world presence would

strike into the undergraduate mind an awe which it seems academic authorities and distinguished guests are at this day alike powerless to inspire.

CHAPTER II.

> "Wanting nothing, save a fan
> To seem some nymph in her sedan;
> Apparell'd in exactest sort,
> And ready to be borne to court."
>
> *Cowper.*

DRESSING for a first ball is an event of some importance in life. One is inclined to regret it should be ever thrown away upon strangers, after having once seen the gratified faces of the maids at home when their own particular young lady is thus armed for conquest. (To say the truth, however, both Dot and Lina had had private rehearsals before leaving Thornwell.) Dot really looked very nice—a little over-

dressed—in pink silk, trimmed with white lace, and some pearl ornaments (family heir-looms), and a wreath to match her dress. Lina had indulged in a new white tarlatan, as the cheapest thing she could get. Mademoiselle, who loved making bargains, had let her have some French flowers, every whit as good as new, at half price. They were Austrian briars, and their rich audacity of colour suited well with the wearer's dark locks, brilliant eyes, and changeful complexion. A piece of black velvet, fastened by an old miniature round her throat, and an old black and gold fan, lent her by Mrs. Amberfield, gave a piquancy and effectiveness to Irene's dress which made Dot's carefully-arranged and expensive toilet seem tame in comparison.

However, Mrs. Amberfield was complimentary to both girls, when they appeared in the drawing-room, previously to being

tucked up in one of the old jolting chairs drawn by hand, which are still made use of down the narrow lanes between the colleges. The two girls were to-night in a double chair, "like two yolks in one egg-shell," Lina said; and laughed and talked all the way.

"I wonder if any one will ask us to dance! Of course, Walter will! At least," said Dot, "it will be very unkind of him if he does not, and Mr. Sowerby—oh! I hope that horrid-looking girl won't come and talk to us—and I daresay, Mr. Hering will come and find us out!"

"I daresay! Look, Dot! I do believe that's the Martyrs' memorial! We've got a picture of it at home. And I wonder what that great building with a dome is? What a beautiful night! The stars do look so clear, and the shadows of the old houses so solemn. Isn't it nice?"

"*Isn't* it?" said Dot. "When we get out will you see if you can find my bracelet? It has just tumbled off. Oh, dear! Lina, how they *are* jolting! Do you think they're tipsy or anything?"

"Oh, no! Here we are. Isn't that Mrs. Amberfield's voice asking for us?"

The party were rather early, and found only two or three sets formed. Mr. Hering appeared almost directly, and asked each of the young ladies for a dance, besides introducing a friend who did the same, and who, having had one galop with Irene, immediately begged to be put down for another. Mr. Hering's turn came next, after he had civilly conducted Dot back to her place beside Mrs. Amberfield. As to Lina, she hardly sat down the whole evening. The only thing that vexed her was her card being so rapidly filled up before Walter had ever come near her. As she was standing

flushed and breathless by Mr. Hering's side, in the interval of a waltz, she saw a movement near Mrs. Amberfield and Dot; two gentlemen and two ladies. Bowing and introducing went on. The elder lady, in grey silk, trimmed with a profusion of handsome lace, was introducing a dashing female figure in blue and silver, with conspicuous shoulder-blades and frizzy hair. Lina's heart sank, for the two gentlemen were Walter, and Charlie Sowerby, and the ladies were the mother and friend of the latter.

"Do you know who that lady is—the one in blue?" said Irene to Mr. Hering.

"What? The one with those tinselly things in her hair? No! I'm sorry to say I have not the pleasure. Have you?"

"No, indeed!"

Irene's face must have expressed involun-

tary disgust, for Mr. Hering added, "It's very naughty of me, but I can't help thinking what a loss she is to a music-hall somewhere or other. Can't you fancy her electrifying the public in that costume? Why, there's Pike dancing with her! I must say I shouldn't have thought—! And there's your friend going off again with—. Is that her brother? I supposed so from the likeness," as Dot passed them, beamingly happy on Charlie's arm.

"Oh no! No relation. He's the son of that lady in grey who sits by Mrs. Amberfield."

"Ah! what a good-looking woman! I should like to have seen her twenty years ago."

"But then—," said Lina.

"Then, I shouldn't have seen *you*, Miss Hooker!"

"No, I didn't mean that. I only meant

you'd have been too young to admire her;" and they both laughed as foolishly as other young people do in ball-rooms at equally pointless remarks.

"Another turn? Delightful!" And off they went again, Lina's heart beating, partly with the quick motion, partly with vexation at Walter.

Why *should* she mind? Walter had surely a right to please himself. If he had seen her sitting down, that would have been different.

Mr. Hering would not let her go till she had promised him another round dance. The next was a quadrille—a horribly stupid one, with an uninteresting man. He asked her (as the Professor had done) "if this was her first visit to Oxford?" and proceeded to found a series of remarks upon it of such a common-place nature that it was all she could do not to snub him.

The shy little girl of last night was very different from the spoilt and yet provoked young beauty of the present evening. Walter was sitting in a recess, fanning the blue lady unknown, who was flirting with him in the most undisguised way. It seemed to Lina that he encouraged her out of bravado, and that he was watching and enjoying her own discomfort. At the end of the quadrille she sat down for a few minutes, that tiresome little man still prosing in front of her. Presently Walter came up.

"Have you a dance to give me?" said he stiffly.

"I don't know!" said Lina, looking in some perplexity at her card. "Yes, I see No. 19 is still disengaged."

"No. 19! That is a long way down! No, I'm afraid I can't have the pleasure. Miss — Blessington — Betterton — I can't

read her name; the girl with the daisies over there."

"I'm very sorry I haven't got another."

"You seem in great request."

"I daresay Dot would be glad—"

"I can't bear Dot's dancing! She never keeps time. I've got her down for a quadrille somewhere, I believe."

"Is that Mrs. Sowerby over there?"

"Yes! Do you want to be introduced?"

"Oh! by-and-by," said Lina hastily.

"Our dance again, I think," said Mr. Hering, offering her his arm, with beaming looks.

Walter looked annoyed, but Lina's pride would not let her say anything, though she did not seem much gratified by Mr. Hering's attentions.

Presently she found herself opposite Mrs. Sowerby in a quadrille. After it was over, Charlie came and introduced them.

"If you can spare a few moments from your throng of admirers," said Mrs. S., with a smile, "I should be so charmed if you would come and sit by me. You look tired, doesn't she, Mrs. Amberfield? Ah, I have heard so much of *you*! My boy is always talking about Thornwell, and that delightful aunt of yours. May I ask how she is? What a sweet creature Miss Pike is! So naive and natural! So refreshing after those precocious London ball-room girls. She's your great friend, is she not? My boy has had two or three dances with her. Do you know I think her brother is the handsomest man in the room? Mind, I say *man*," said she, looking meaningly at Lina, who really was as unconscious as she looked.

"Who is the lady he's dancing with?"

"Ah! it's getting serious, isn't it? That's a friend of mine, a Miss Longacre.

Her father, quite between ourselves, was a coach-builder, and died worth a quarter of a million. As Mr. Gilbert—you know him, Mrs. Amberfield?—used to say, 'It's only fair that he who made so many other people ride in their carriages should be able to keep his own.' I tell her she's a lucky girl."

"Yes, indeed! Much wheel and little woe," exclaimed Mrs. Amberfield. "That ought, I think, to be the motto of a coach-builder's daughter."

Mrs. Sowerby laughed, and added, "I assure you she's creating quite a sensation in Oxford. And as for Mr. Pike—do you see what a bouquet he has given her?" (The bouquet had been really presented to Mrs. Sowerby, herself, but she had lent it to Miss Longacre, and it suited her better to say what she did at the time.) "She's been about with me a good deal this sea-

son," said Mrs. Sowerby. "And really I find it quite hard work. However, Mrs. Amberfield will agree with me,—'The labour we delight in physics pain.'"

This was one of Mrs. Sowerby's few—very few—old Shakspearian reminiscences, which, however, sounded new from her lips.

"Did you ever see Mr. Pike act?" she continued.

"No! Does he?"

"Oh, splendidly! And his singing! I flatter myself he made his *débût* at our little house (with a half-sigh) in Wellington Crescent. Ask him if he remembers Lady Teazle. Oh! must you go? Well, it is kind of you to give me even these few minutes. We shall meet to-morrow, I fancy, at Nuneham."

The evening came to an end, and the morning dawned. People went home as

the nightingales were singing their last in Wadham Gardens, and as the moonshine was dying out of the sky. The party walked back by still and chilly streets, and empty courts, haunted by the echoes of *vivâ voce* examinations, and the rustle of reams on reams of eternal blue paper.

Lina felt as if in a dream. She could not be herself in this strange, exciting, disappointing world. She almost screamed when her fan dropped with a sharp ring on the pavement. If it had been broken she felt she should have burst out crying. Why, why did Walter treat her so? What could he see to care for in that big, vulgar girl? Why could she not forget the meaning look in Mrs. Sowerby's face? Why—and this was the great why of all—why should she allow herself to care for Walter and his loves or likings? She had told him point-blank that she would not marry him. Was she

going to be a dog in the manger, and grudge another what she did not choose to enjoy?

Dot, meanwhile, prattled on. She had not had a "success," as, according to Mrs. Amberfield, Lina had had, but she had not wanted partners, thanks to Mrs. A.'s introductions. Charlie Sowerby had been very kind to her, and never let her sit out if he could help it.

Walter, by the way, had given his friend as much of his mind as he could spare from his own affairs, and settled that he would have him down to Thornwell the first opportunity. As to Lina, if she chose to neglect him, he would show her that he could do without her. Miss Longacre was not the sort of girl he would care to marry, certainly, but she was as well up to the game as he was; it amused them both, and did nobody any harm, and be-

sides he ought to be civil to Mrs. Sowerby's friend.

Such were the meditations of some of our acquaintance as they retired to rest on that lovely early summer morning, just at the hour when Chaucer would have been sauntering out to look at the daisies and smell the hawthorn.

CHAPTER III.

"What means this siege of ravish'd heart and brain?
What may these spiritual echoes bring to mind?

* * * * * *

. . . Till thence a marvellous ecstasy combined
Makes sorrow not unwilling, tears pure gain!
Is it a yearning memory of bliss
From some far life that knew me long ago,
Ere yet, fast bound with iron gyves within,
I died into this prison-house of woe?"

P. S. Worsley.

It is a well-known fact to ball-goers that you wake up at your usual time the morning after a ball, and not until the next does Nature take her revenge.

Accordingly, Lina came down in good time to breakfast; Dot, who was supposed to be delicate, was taking hers in bed;

Mrs. Amberfield also did not appear, but her mother, Mrs. Laidlaw, did the honours, and when breakfast was over, asked if Lina felt inclined to accompany her to Magdalen Chapel.

"When I am here I always go; generally round by the Botanical Gardens.[1] It's not the shortest way, but it makes more of a walk, and we should have just time if we started at once."

"Right," said the Doctor. "No one can be said to have been to Oxford who has not heard the Magdalen Choir. You might as well go to Rome and not hear the sisters of the Trinità di Monte."

Lina jumped at the proposal. The quiet walk, the chapel service, the companionship

[1] It is scarcely necessary to say that the geographical position of St. Wilfred's would be as hard to discover from any existing map of Oxford as Dr. Amberfield and Professor Helmsley in the University Calendar.

of this unexciting old lady, were just what she wanted.

As soon as breakfast was over they were threading the streets together, the air still morning-like and sweet, the college gardens and avenues bright with the fresh greens and pinks of summer, the birds singing, and light white clouds floating high up in the sky.

"It was meant to be a very happy world," thought Lina, in the midst of old Mrs. Laidlaw's prosy talk, which gradually concentrated itself on one topic, the fear of being late for chapel.

Past a field with green corn springing up, round by a perplexing little lane where one or two trees were overhanging the road. The Magdalen bell is dropping, drops before they enter the college precincts.

"We must stay in the ante-chapel," whispered Mrs. Laidlaw, and Irene was well content to do so.

The music came sweetly from the sanctuary within. Was it the choir, or those carved angels over the entry, each with his instrument, lute, harp, and psaltery?

Irene sat and knelt in a kind of dream. What did it all mean? The tumult and passionate excitement of the night before, the boundless and unspeakable joy of nature, birds, sunshine, breezes, blossoms, all singing and dancing, shining and whispering outside! And then these jubilant psalms of praise! What did it all mean? What was there still so unsatisfied and perplexed in her own heart? Her eye glided along the choir, travelling eastward till it reached a dark, central patch of colour, or rather shade, over the altar. It seemed unlike all else. We have all seen it, or some reproduction of it. A Figure bearing a cross through a gloomy and unfriendly world. To Lina's spirit the gloom appeared even worse than the suffering. The last few days

had raised a host of questions in her mind, had opened avenues of untrodden thought, had made her feel almost as we feel in infancy when everything is a riddle and a mystery. The very music itself, as it sounded around her, stimulating every faculty into greater keenness, made her more conscious than before of the conflict, the perplexity within.

"Is it true, then, that at the heart of all things lies the cross of suffering; that these beautiful sights and sounds, these eager feelings, these pleasures and pains, all find their centre here? And is the darkness part of the trial? The *worst* part!" she added, as she drew down her veil to hide the tears which took her by surprise.

The prayers began: every one knelt down; Lina with the rest, in a confusion of mind that could only utter itself in brief and oft-repeated monosyllables. Hardly

that; rather, in realizing, perhaps for the first time in her life, something of what that picture—all such pictures—meant to teach. It is astonishing how sometimes one awakes to the understanding of what one *thought* one always understood. It was so with Lina then, but these things are too sacred to be more than suggested. Those who cannot fill in the outline would gain nothing by having it completed by another hand.

At the end she sat up quieter, if not happier. The sunshine had stolen in, and was making a music of its own that seemed to be interpreted by that of the organ, a seasonable piece of improvisation, a mood rather than a melody, something that never could be again and yet always had been, and ever would be; even as the ocean and the clouds and the dumb workings of the heart of man.

The two ladies rose. Some one accosted

Lina as they were in the court, and brought her back to the world.

It was Charlie Sowerby.

"I hope I'm in time," he said, "and that you haven't made any other engagement? Pike wants you all to come and lunch in his rooms at one o'clock; not later, because of the river."

"I don't think we have any other engagement. Where are Mrs. Amberfield and Dot?"

"At St. Wilfred's. I promised to catch you and bring you straight back. Mrs. Amberfield's afraid you will be tired."

"Very good," said Mrs. Laidlaw. "I've two or three shops to go to. Should you mind going back with Mr. Sowerby? It would save you a little time."

"I? Oh, no! If I'm not hindering him."

"Not a bit! I came on purpose to be of use. Shall I take your book home for

you, Mrs. Laidlaw? See, it will go into my pocket!"

Mrs. Laidlaw relinquished her prayer-book, put up her parasol, and thought, as she went on her solitary way, that, after all, the manners of the young men of the day were not so very bad. Charlie and Lina went off together up the shady side of the High Street, he pointing out the colleges, and asking after her people at home, alternately.

She told him how poorly Mr. Hooker had been. Hadn't Walter mentioned it?

Well, only in a general way. He had no idea they'd been so anxious. "There, you see, Miss Hooker, this is Queen's, and that is University, and that is All Souls'—"

"Oh, thank you, but I shall never remember them. I had no idea there were so many colleges."

"Well, you'll know All Souls' because

of that curious carving of the souls in purgatory over the door."

"Ah! so there is. What strange notions people had! Do you know, I'm very glad they made mistakes sometimes. I suppose one oughtn't to say that, but one likes coming upon those curious old ideas. Oh! how lovely that bit of garden looks through that open door! I never fancied there *could* be such a place as Oxford. How you must like being here!"

Charlie smiled in his sober way. "But tell me a little more about Mr. Hooker. Can he take his duty?"

"Oh, yes! though two full services are too much for him. And there's so much visiting to be done. And then there's his class of big boys—our choir, you know. He says himself he can't afford to break down."

"Nor to keep a curate?"

"Oh, no! the living is so small. We

thought once of having a deacon schoolmaster from St. Mark's, but he did not see his way to it. Auntie and I do all we can —at least *she* does—"

"How one longs to go and help him!"

"But of course you couldn't, because of your work here."

"I wonder if he'd have me in this next Long. I want to learn all about parish work."

"Are you going to be a clergyman? Oh! I beg your pardon. Auntie's always telling me not to be so abrupt."

"I have thought about it sometimes. Now you see we are in the Corn Market. What a number of people there are about! How did you like Magdalen?"

"Oh! I can't say how much. We were rather late; we did not get into the choir, but still we sat in the ante-chapel, and heard very well. I didn't know music could be like that."

After a little more lionizing the pair reached St. Wilfred's, and Charlie disappeared to look up his own ladies, who had not risen quite so early as Irene. That last ten minutes had convinced him of what he had tried to doubt before—that he *did* care for her. He had kept away on purpose (without the satisfaction of finding she had noticed it), and now that delicious though short walk had brought it all up again. Miss Longacre's affectations and vulgarities, her *outré* dress and *prononcé* manner, had been the very thing to make Lina's straw hat and print dress and unconscious good breeding strike upon him, as the first five minutes of a country walk after leaving a railway platform do on the tired and jaded Londoner. He thought over this Long Vacation plan, and it grew more and more in his estimation. We must do him the justice to say that "parish work" was no new idea to him, though the special scene

of it had never risen up so clearly before him. But now everything seemed to point to Thornwell: Mr. Hooker's health, old acquaintance, Irene's charms, and Walter's delighted acquiescence when the plan was made known to him.

CHAPTER IV.

"Life would be tolerable were it not for its pleasures."

If there was one thing Walter piqued himself on more than another it was that he knew how to give luncheons. His rooms were among the best in St. Wilfred's. His taste showed itself in the harmonious way in which he had had the walls painted and stencilled to suit the old architecture, in the charming groups of flowering plants he had placed in the windows, in the prints on the walls (Millais chiefly, and *such* artists' proofs!), and in the fitting-up of his bow-window as a daïs covered with olive-green cushions. Odd squares of Algerine matting

were laid about the floor; blue tiles and glazy brown-yellow jars, majolica here, Della Robbia there, were placed on the narrow shelves of the tall old chimney-piece.

A list of "meets" for the previous winter still kept its place, over the fire beside a table of lectures and other engagements for the Easter Term. Nor must we forget the looking-glass, since, though rather loftily placed, it was just the right height for Walter to get a good view of his handsome face, clean little moustache and fine dark wavy hair, which, whether surmounting a dress-coat and white tie, or the still more becoming crimson and black boating costume of the St. Wilfred's eight, were by no means an unsatisfactory sight to their owner. No one should blame Walter for being vain. He admired beauty in everything, why should he draw the line at himself?

The party to-day consisted of Mrs. Amberfield and her two charges, Mrs. Sowerby and Miss Longacre, Mr. Hering, Mr. Richter (a young German), Charlie, and their host. Walter was between Mrs. Amberfield and Miss Longacre. Mrs. Sowerby had Mr. Hering next her, and made herself very agreeable to him. Dot and Charlie were together, and Lina sat by Mr. Richter, who kept on his spectacles all the time and looked ten times more formidable than the Professor. She was not too intent on her conversation with him to miss Walter's with Miss Longacre, which is not worth writing down, being that peculiar style of flirting which consists in half-satirical badinage on the gentleman's side, and very unmistakeable fishing for compliments on the lady's, with an occasional appeal to Mrs. Amberfield, who (being a highly intellectual woman) very soon showed her this was not at all the sort of thing *she* was accus-

tomed to, and started an argument with Mr. Richter on Carlyle's Frederic II. as a sort of counter-current. In a small room, two women, each determined on having her own subject and her own audience, are enough to fatigue any one's nerves, and Miss Longacre's attacks on Walter, and Mrs. Amberfield's daring expositions of her "views" quite reduced the rest of the world to silence. Mrs. Sowerby, by far the most charming woman of the three, contented herself with captivating Mr. Hering by a few smiles and quasi-confidential humorous remarks, and long before luncheon was over he made up his mind to persuade his mother to invite her to Bloater Castle in the autumn. She would be so entertaining to their houseful of guests!

Presently it all came to an end. People drifted away in groups to the sides of the room. There was a little inner room;

Charlie had placed two chairs by the table there and installed Dot in one of them. He stole up to Lina with his kind, considerate face, and did not even say, "I'm afraid you've a headache." "Miss Pike and I are going to look at some photographs. Won't you come too, Miss Hooker, to this corner by the window?" And he turned over photographs and commented on them to Dot, while Lina sat gazing out of the window, her eyes ready to fill with tears at a moment's impulse. It was just one of those little peeps which do one good at times. An old slate-coloured green-grown dormer window, a patch of stone-crop, a few clouds; nothing more, except a house-sparrow who seemed to have found something deeply interesting in the gutter on the leads. It was all so prosy and quiet and wholesomely commonplace. Meanwhile Charlie, who saw she was worried, and only tried to spare her,

was going on to Dot,—"Yes, those are caricatures done of different things here in Oxford. This is the bread-and-butter controversy. This—oh, this is a splendid one! Jove casting the Titans out of heaven: the Vice-Chancellor, you know, and the Great Western Railway people. And this —Hering, can't you explain it? This is Plato's men in the cave."

"Who were they?" said Dot.

"They only saw the shadows of things. That meant to say—"

"It was an allegory," said Mr. Hering. "In the *Republic*, isn't it?"

Charlie went on, "What *he* meant was, that people on earth don't see realities, but only images of them. I'm afraid I can't explain it exactly," said he, seeing Lina had turned round and was listening with that eager look which her face was sure to assume when her mind caught any fresh idea that interested her. "Here, of course,

it's only a joke against the dons," continued Mr. Hering.

"Too good to make a joke of, I think," said Charlie.

"Do you know," said Mr. Hering, confidentially, "I think I know where to find Pike's own sketches. Don't tell him." And he fished out an untidy old portfolio from under the sofa, looking round to see that Walter was safe amid a laughing group at the other end of the room.

They were certainly very clever. Dogs, horses, and men dashed off à la Frederick Tayler, some ridiculous hunting scenes, some little quaint pen-and-ink architectural scraps, New College Cloisters, the garden front of St. John's, a deaf old scout who was the butt of St. Wilfred's, a certain vivâ-voce examination done from memory, and, "Oh," said Dot, "that's a bit of our garden at Thornwell! I remember he did

that last summer. And what's this? Oh, Lina, isn't it exactly like? St. Joseph's Chapel, and the Holy Well, and everything."

"Capital!" said Mr. Hering. "How well those niches or sedilia, or whatever they ought to be called, are hit off. Hallo, I say, I wonder who this charming young lady is!" He wished he had never uttered the words.

"Why, it's exactly like Lina!" said Dot. "What a number of times he's done her! For practice, I suppose."

Everybody but Dot wished themselves anywhere else. Mr. Hering glanced first at Charlie, who was crimson, and then at Lina, who, seated in an angle of the window with the table in front of her, felt exactly as if she had been in the pillory. Her head was bent down, and the rim of her hat concealed most of her face. Mr. Hering had nothing for it but to go chatting on,

which he did with great presence of mind, addressing Dot, of course, and carefully peeping between the leaves before he displayed them.

"Ah! this photograph is of the St. Wilfred's crew. That's the stroke, old Morris. He's gone down now."

"How he's screwing up his eyes!" said Dot.

"Pike is their 4, you see, and that one with his hands in his pockets is 5. I forget who this is. Who's your cox, Sowerby? Oh, yes, little Grigson, I recollect."

"That must be my cousin," said Lina, rousing herself, and looking up at the wall.

"Oh, really! I wonder whether Pike remembered it. He ought to have asked him here to meet you. Apropos de *boats*, isn't it time we were going down to the river?" said he to Walter.

There was a general move. Mrs. Sowerby and Miss Longacre were all smiles and delighted anticipation, and so was Dot, with her dear old round, good-natured face. Mrs. Amberfield came to look after her charges.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," she said, "but a lady has just written to invite herself to five o'clock tea this evening, and so I fear I must ask Mrs. Sowerby to take care of you, unless you had rather come home with me. *You* don't look fit for anything but bed, Miss Hooker, and remember there's the concert to-night. Your head aches, I can see. Doesn't it now?"

Lina could not deny it.

Walter was looking on; Lina's face disturbed him, but he said not a word. Mrs. Sowerby and Miss Longacre were both *so* sorry! Was there *any* thing they could do?

"Thank you, I believe I'd better go

home and rest," said Lina, resolutely smiling and shaking hands.

"And *you'll* come with me?" said Mrs. Sowerby, in her most winning manner, to Dot.

"If Lina doesn't mind," said Dot, looking half-compassionate, half-wistful.

Lina shook her head, and got down the worn, creaky wooden stairs somehow, and across the quadrangle, scarcely pausing to notice what would have delighted her at another time, the beautiful old windows full of summer flowers rising with enhanced brilliance from the grey background of crumbling stone and soft, sleepy shadows, or the fretted line of the chapel pinnacles and buttresses against the clear afternoon sky. The street was sunny and dusty, and there was a water-cart splashing on in one direction and a worrying, grinding-organ in another, and of these two evils she was distinctly conscious.

"I hope I haven't hurried you away," said Mrs. Amberfield, "but I only got a note this afternoon from Madame Van der Weyden, who you know, of course, is not a person one can get every day."

Lina tried to look as if Madame Van der Weyden was the one person whom she could not die happy till she had seen, but apparently with no great success, for Mrs. Amberfield went on,—

"Madame Van der Weyden, as I dare-say you've heard, is *the* great authority on phrenology in the present day. Did you ever hear her lecture? I suppose not."

"Phrenology? that's bumps, isn't it?" said Lina. "I should be quite afraid to be in the room with her, for fear she'd say mine were all in the wrong place."

"Well, you've a pretty good head," said Mrs. Amberfield, "but" (with a laugh of superiority) "there were *some* heads round the table to-day which I really couldn't help feeling sorry for. That loud, over-dressed girl—I couldn't catch her name—the coach-builder's daughter. Anything more hopelessly uncultivated, and poorer material to begin with, I never saw. No memory, no causality, no artistic talent. By the way, what a great organ of conscientiousness young Mr. Sowerby has! I can't show it you now, because we've got our bonnets on; it's somewhere at the top of one's head. Little Miss Pike, oddly enough, has got it too, though her head is not much developed in other ways. Her brother has got a great deal of music and drawing; one could see that in his brow in a minute."

"What a fine head Professor Helmsley has!" exclaimed Lina.

"Yes; so much ideality."

"Where does that come?"

"On here, on the temples. Mrs. Van der Weyden says that she's quite anxious about me—my organ of ideality is so enormous. I suppose that's why I sleep so badly," said Mrs. Amberfield, with a sigh. "I have the most unfortunately active mind. It is really as great a trial as the opposite extreme. Really one's senses get into a morbid state of acuteness at times. Ah! you've never felt it. I suppose people who live in the country don't. I assure you I often wish I could have no ideas of any sort for an hour or two—it would be such a relief!"

At length they reached St. Wilfred's Lodge, and Lina, having resisted all Mrs. Amberfield's persuasions to show Madame Van der Weyden what a magnificent "bump of veneration" she possessed, was allowed to go to her room, and provided

with the "Revue des deux Mondes" by way of light literature. She burrowed about, however, till she found a dear little collection of old children's books which, to judge by the faded names on the fly-leaves, had belonged to a sister of Dr. Amberfield's who died young; and despite her sorrows was very soon fast asleep over "Mademoiselle Panache."

The Iffley party was no great loss. The row in itself would have been delightful; the summer evening, the meadow-grass; Magdalen Tower following you as the eye of a good picture is said to do; Iffley Church, with its splendid Norman work; the delicious sweep of the oars and the lithesome figures of the fine young oarsmen. But Dot was stupid, Miss Longacre was selfish, Walter was cross, Charlie out of spirits and silent. Mr. Hering and Mrs. Sowerby kept up a volley of nonsense and sang a little, and so they went and

returned. Walter walked back with Dot when the party broke up. He was kinder to her when they were quite alone, and very sorry to hear Lina was tired.

"Here, Mother Bunch," he said, "I want to give you something to remember Oxford by." And he turned into a shop and bought her a very pretty photograph of the view of Magdalen Tower from New College Gardens. "Do you think Lina would like one too?" said he.

Of course Dot thought so, and between them they chose one of Iffley Church and another of "Addison's Walk."

"Tell her this is to be instead of coming to-day," said he. "I hope her head will be better soon. You don't think there's anything really the matter, do you?"

"Oh, no! only there was so much talk-

ing in the room. That Miss Longacre is so—"

"What?" said Walter, knitting his brows, and trying to look dignified.

"Oh! I don't know; but Lina and I can't bear her. And Brown says she doesn't look the least bit like a lady."

"Brown *must* be a judge!"

"Now, Walter, if you once begin in that way, it's no good my telling you anything."

"I don't know what way you mean; only I think I'm as good a judge as Brown of what people to ask to my rooms. Miss Longacre's very much admired by many people."

"Well, but now, *you* don't admire her, do you?"

"I don't feel called upon to say. All gentlemen admire all ladies, I suppose?"

"Well, but not so much as—Lina, for instance."

"Really, Dot, you're too silly. I only hope you don't talk such nonsense as this to your partners. How did you get on?—pretty well?"

"Oh, yes; only, Walter, I *did* think you'd have asked me for one round dance."

"Oh! didn't I? Well, perhaps next time. But you're not going to be here for the University Ball, are you?"

"No, I'm afraid not. Miss Hooker wants Lina back the day after to-morrow for something or other. Oh! I know; to let *her* go to a cousin who is ill. She can't go till Lina comes."

"Well, I daresay she'll have had about enough of Oxford by that time. I suppose you'll both be at home when I come down in the Long?"

Dot thought so; and thus they parted

for the present. And as nothing very noteworthy happened during the remainder of the girls' visit at St. Wilfred's, we may as well close this chapter.

CHAPTER V.

"On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting."
Goldsmith.

THE Long Vacation came, and Charlie carried out his intention of paying another visit to Thornwell. He declined Sir John's good-natured invitation to the "great house," and established himself in two tidy rooms in the village street. You must have noticed the house if you ever drove through Thornwell. Two grey, picturesque gables with a pear-tree growing over them, and inhabited by a widow who let lodgings and drove a small trade in peppermint drops, papers of pins, fancy note-paper, and occa-

sionally gooseberries and other ripe or unripe fruits. Charlie's rooms, with their dormer windows and uneven floors, were a great delight to him, so unlike anything he had ever been in before. Here is an extract from one of his letters to his aunt :—

"I feel quite settled here now. How I wish you could take a peep at me! My sitting-room really looks like home, now I have got rid of Mrs. Jennings' fusty, showy woollen table-cloth and arranged all my books in comfortable order for reference, I shall get on, I hope, with my work for 'Greats,' and besides that I read a little Pearson with Mr. Hooker nearly every day, and I have got 'Prideaux's Connexion,' (such a nice, old-fashioned book), and some others. I have the biggest boys' class in the Sunday school. It will take me some time to understand what they say, for I never heard people speak so broad as these do. As most of them are out 'bird-keep-

ing' all the week, it is not very surprising that they are so stupid on Sundays, but I think they are rather more orderly than they were. At first it only used to be, "Plaze, zur, do'ee tell Bill Barker to gie out a-scrunging of I,' and similar accusations. I hope, when Walter comes back from his tour in the Tyrol, to get up a little cricket for them. At present their chief amusement is playing a sort of 'nine men's morris' on the green in front of the churchyard gate, with holes big enough to hold a marble made in the turf. I wonder how old this is! my father would have known all about it. Then I have an evening class, a sort of cottage lecture, once a week. I can't tell you how I dreaded this, but it saves Mr. Hooker going out at night. There is such a picture of an old man, his name is Elisha Wiggins (we have got a Caleb, and a Noah, and a Laban, and indeed all the most out-of-the-way Old Testa-

ment names). I wish you could see him in his smock-frock and undressed leather gaiters. It is great fun to hear him talk about old times. He must be nearly ninety, I suppose. Of course he thinks the world has deteriorated very much. 'When I wur young,' he said the other day, 'it used to be Gaffer and Gammer, then it got to Measter and Dame, and now it be Zur and Madam.' I don't think he has the remotest idea of what king or queen is reigning, whether England is in London, or London in England, or of the names of the months, or even of the century. Here everything seems to happen on or about Old Michaelmas or Old Christmas, or 'last feäst,' or 'when we was a-getting in the häy.' I don't believe they understand a quarter of what any lady or gentleman says to them, and I often think how I *ever* shall make my sermons plain enough if I am a clergyman in a place like this.

"Mr. Hooker seems not nearly so strong as he used to be. He is nervous, too, about himself, which I do not wonder at. They are, I am afraid, not at all well off. Of course I have never asked questions, but one day, as we were reading together, I saw his face get that tired look it does sometimes, and I asked him if he felt in any pain. He would not allow it. Then, as if he could not help it, he said, with a deep sigh, 'Ah, Sowerby! if I could only have half an hour's real freedom from care, I should feel like a young man again.'

"He is drudging away at some sort of dictionary work for Messrs. Atwood and Carter, the same people who, you will remember, behaved so shabbily to my poor father. I am afraid it is wretchedly paid work, and wish he had not to slave so.

"How I wish you could come down here for Walter's coming of age this autumn, when my mother and Miss Longacre go

abroad. His real birthday comes a few weeks earlier, but this time will be more convenient in many respects. I could easily get you lodgings, and there is a nice Bath chair Lady Grizel sometimes uses, which I am sure they would lend you. There will be all kinds of festivities, chiefly out of doors. I want you to know Miss Hooker. Miss Lina Hooker is making a scrap-book for a little boy who is ill. I wonder if you would mind writing to that shop in the Edgeware Road for me to order some coloured pictures just like what you had. And do you know the address of that foreign bookseller we used to go to? I want to order a copy of Curtius' 'Etymologie' for Mr. Hooker. I know it would be useful to him—

"Here is Mrs. Jennings, with my mutton chop, so I must shut up.

"Your affectionate nephew,

"CHARLES SOWERBY."

We must now turn to the party at the Vicarage. Miss Hooker thought Lina looking very thin when she came back from Oxford, and she never seemed quite to have got over the fatigues of the journey. Her colour came and went more quickly, her eyes seemed deeper and dreamier, and she quite forgot little things, quite contrary to her usual habits of activity and presence of mind. It was a hot summer; the visits to the close, crowded school-room were very oppressive, and the long walks to sick people, which Lina *would* take, were enough to knock any one up. It was odd how seldom you could catch Lina to say anything to her—she had constructed such an elaborate fortification of business about herself. The mornings were necessarily bustling—there was always "the parish" to be discussed at meals; then Lina, with a basket of débris, would post off to some cottage after dinner

and not turn up again till the evening. After tea she was pretty sure to make some excuse to go out gardening, and Miss Hooker, who did not like to leave her brother, was seldom able to follow her. It was a trying summer to all three: to the elders on account of money anxieties, and to Lina, as we have seen, on account of troubles which she tried not to acknowledge to herself. She had never known that she cared for Walter till Miss Longacre brought out the fact; and his apparent indifference had tended to strengthen the feeling.

For Lina, to whom the sense of others' admiration was common enough, could only be fascinated by things which did not come to her too easily. We all know what it is to tempt a kitten with a reel of cotton tied to a string; the only condition of its interesting her is that it should be perpetually jerked away from her, and to

the mind of some young women no one is so charming as a man who leaves it at least doubtful whether he cares for them.

We hope no one will think the worse of our heroine for this candid confession of her weakness. She was unconscious of it herself, and could not understand why she could not get Walter out of her head. Besides, he was quite above the level of any one else she ever was in the habit of meeting, and, in short, she cared for him, and there is an end of it!

Occupied with such dreams, she paced about the village on her parish visits—down dusty roads marked with the broad tracks of heavy waggons and bordered with quickset hedges over which the bind-weed was flinging its exquisite wreaths, fragile flowers and brown-tinted flower-cups, with all the freedom and audacity of an unprotected female whose beauty makes people tolerate liberties from

her which they would not endure from a plainer sister.

Elisha Wiggins' cottage was at the end of this lane. The wild bees had built among the crevices of his old stone wall, and might be seen coming buzzing out among his tall orange lilies and late honeysuckle. The door was ajar. A voice came through it. Mr. Sowerby's surely! but more sustained and self-possessed than Lina had generally heard it. She hesitated to go in with her little gift for the old man. She could distinguish the rhythm and then the words of a hymn, and the groans by which old Elisha showed his approbation of the most touching parts. The voice stopped, and then there was an indistinct murmur of gratified sound from the old man, and some rather hesitating remarks, evidently intended to be improving, from Charlie.

"Yes, you see, Elisha, it's quite true

what the hymn says." And he repeated two well-known lines, which, perhaps, will hardly bear quoting here. "'The weakest saint,' you see, Elisha. There, I hope you will always remember that."

"Ees, ees," said the old man, not however very enthusiastically.

"You know what it is to be weak, don't you?" said Charlie, pursuing his advantage.

"Ees, zur, but I bean't no zäint, however, and I dwon't know as how I wants to be! They zäints was most times druv about from place to place, and hadn't no reg'lar home. Now I couldn't abear for to leave this here little place as I've been in nigh this forty year; and all I asks of the good Lord is as He'll let I die here, and not yonder," indicating the workhouse with his thumb. "The 'lieving officer he come and he says to I, 'Maister Brookes and Squire Tufnell be a goin' to stop your

päy. You'll have to come into the Union.' And I says to he, 'Nif I goes into that there Union it won't be long as you'll have to keep I, for it 'ool be the death of me.' I've kep' this here little place together ever since my missis died. There's that there bit of thacking, I done it myself, and the 'lieving officer he see me at it to-day, and 'a' says, 'Hallo, old chap, you've the face to go and draw the parish päy, and all the while you be as fit to do a day's work as any young fellow in the place.' It be an unked thing for I, zur, that it be, and I says to he, 'I wish thou was in my shoes and I in thine just for one morning, and thou'dst tell another guess tale, I warrant thee.'"

Charlie had by this time got his hand on the latch and caught sight of Lina half-way down the garden.

Both looked a little confused.

"A blessing on her pretty face!" ejacu-

lated old Elisha when he saw her, as Lina produced her store of little comforts. "That stuff as the good lady give me afore did I a power of good, and the young miss, her at the Gurt House, she coom down and she give me *he*" (producing a splendid red comforter, Dot's knitting, and perhaps a little warm for the time of year). "She be grawin' into a terrible fine young wench. Her 'll be for marrying some of these days," said old Elisha, chuckling and glancing at his two auditors, over whom at that moment he certainly had the advantage.

"I ax your pardon," he went on, "but be this young measter any kinsman o' thäy at the Gurt House?"

Both eagerly denied the fact.

"He features like 'em, however," said old Elisha. "Oncommon like about the eyes and mouth. First time as I zeed'n I says to Polly Whitlock as washes I,

'Polly, if that bean't the old Colonel come to life again, I be the biggest donkey as ever drawed a rag and bone cart.' 'Law,' she says, 'how can thee talk so. It gives me the cold shivers down my back to hear thee.' 'But his walk,' I says. 'I knowd'n by his walk as much as anything.' And he be no kinsman of t' old Squire?"

"Of course not, Elisha," said Lina, a little testily. "Mr. Sowerby's father and mother always lived in London, and he was born there, I believe," with a questioning glance at Charlie, who replied,—

"Yes, I was; but never mind, Elisha. I assure you I take it as a great compliment."

"Good-night," said Lina, as she left the cottage, rather more hastily than usual.

"Good-night," said Charlie, as he followed her.

Old Elisha remained looking reflectively after them.

"They may säy what they ool," thought he, "but I've seed a smart few on they Gurt House folk in my time, and nif that 'ere young chap be no kinsman of theirs, they may call I 'Neddy' and clap a pair o' blinkers over my eyes."

Meanwhile Charlie had taken hold of Lina's basket and offered to carry it, as he was going her way.

"Which *is* my way?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Somehow I made sure you were going home."

"Well, so I am, only I am going round by the Hall first, to see if there are any letters for us by second post."

"May I come with you? I rather want to hear if there is any news of Walter."

Lina had no alternative left but to be very glad. And they walked across the fields together, Charlie hardly saying a word, but carrying Lina's basket meditatively. She could think of nothing beyond

a few commonplaces about old Elisha and his grievances. She abused the poor-law officers. Charlie of course defended them. He had a way of sticking up for all the unpopular classes. "One never knows what their difficulties are," or, "One never hears what is to be said on the other side," were his favourite remarks. We may believe he would have put a charitable construction on the character of the immortal Mr. Bumble himself if he had come across him.

Lina was rather put out by his moderation, and at last exclaimed, as they were approaching the house, "Well, Mr. Sowerby, as you are so very charitable, I hope you like Lady Grizel!"

"Poor old lady! I don't know about 'like,' but I am heartily sorry for her."

"Are you? Well!"

"You are afraid of giving your opinion."

"It's the way she behaves to Dot. The

way she has behaved ever since I can remember."

"Yes. I suppose, poor thing, she can't affect any one very much now."

"Ah! but she can never undo old mischief. Dot might have been a different girl if some one had been kind and motherly to her—as Aunt Fanny was to me—instead of coming down upon her and always finding fault. I don't suppose boys—men—gentlemen—whatever I ought to call them," said Lina, laughing and talking all the faster because Charlie did not immediately respond to what she had said, "know what it is to be snubbed and bothered and kept down at home as girls are sometimes."

"Well, I don't know. I think some people naturally mind things more than others. Walter, now, would take a good deal of snubbing before he let it make any impression on him."

"Wouldn't he? and jump up like a jack-in-the-box directly afterwards. I've got a boy in my class who's something like him, that little Laban Rodbourn. Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes! How *do* you manage to keep him quiet? I never can."

"Well, I don't always; but I like him. We made friends very much one year when he was ill, and I taught him to play cat's cradle. The worst of it is, if you once pet children, they never have any respect for you afterwards. Certainly that little monkey has none for me. When I try to scold him it always seems like scolding some one in a dream, who does not pay the slightest attention to what one says."

"I shouldn't think you often dreamt about scolding people."

"Oh! I don't know. Perhaps not scolding exactly; it sounds better to call it giving good advice. Don't *you*, if you've

been having talks with anybody about anything you care about?"

"I never *can* talk to anybody about things I care about," said Charlie, in a tone so suggestive that Lina began another disquisition on the Rodbourn family, and what a pity it was that Rodbourn *père* was on such bad terms with his landlord. This lasted till they had nearly finished their walk, which led through a long avenue and brought them round the corner of the "great house," where, parallel with its western wall, was a broad, sunny terrace, with a low stone balustrade diversified by griffins and vases at intervals. Beneath lay the flower garden, and beyond that a pretty hill-bounded landscape. In the middle distance the eye could just discern a greyish-white gable, part of the ruins near St. Joseph's Well—less distinct now than when the trees were bare in winter. On the terrace was a garden chair, and in it Lady Grizel

was being drawn to and fro. She met Charlie and Lina before they had advanced very far along the broad path, and just bowed her head, looking at them with her searching, though now often wandering eyes, which had acquired an almost supernatural depth from the threefold shadow cast around them, first by the hood of the Bath chair, then by the rim of her large black bonnet, and more than all by the depth of her brows, which, as she sat with her head somewhat sunken on her chest, gave a cavernous look to the worn sockets beneath, and enshrouded the eyes themselves with vague darkness and uncertainty. The chair itself, an ugly machine amid a landscape where all the lines were full of voluptuous grace, a black varnished blot among the warm summer colours, seemed to assert itself almost like an unpleasant personality of which the man who drew it formed one of the casual adjuncts.

"I'm glad to see you out, Lady Grizel," said Charlie, raising his hat.

"Could you tell us where Dot is?" asked Lina.

Lady Grizel glanced helplessly at the man who drew her, and he replied, "They've but just gone into the house, miss. Mr. Pike's come."

"What, Walter?" said Charlie, delightedly. "Why, here he is!" For Dot and Walter, at the sound of voices on the terrace, came running out of the house after one another. Walter's countenance, radiant at first, fell when he noticed Charles and Lina together. Lina observed it, and felt embarrassed. Charlie, quite unconscious, bestowed on his newly-arrived friend so warm a greeting that even Walter could not be cold to him. Lady Grizel pursued her turns on the terrace with the equanimity of one of the heavenly bodies, who, whatever poets may say, move on in their

orbits undisturbed by the passions of humanity of which they are witnesses.

"So we've got him back at last, you see," said Sir John, who had taken his time to follow the new-comer. "Now, young man" (addressing Charlie), "you'll have no excuse for not coming oftener to to see us."

"And I didn't know him," said Dot, "in that hat. I thought he was the man who comes round with white mice. I was just going to say to him, 'My good man, we don't want anything to-day,' when he threw his arms round my neck. Isn't he brown and foreign-looking?"

"Every one wears these hats in the Tyrol," said Walter, whose old love for dressing up had not deserted him.

"Oh! and there's a chamois beard, is it?" said Lina. "Did you shoot him yourself?"

"I? Oh, no! I had no such luck," said Walter, with a stiffness and self-conscious-

ness in his manner which he had not displayed to any one else.

"They don't preserve as we do in England," said Sir John. "Never mind; you'll be in time for the 1st. You must take Sowerby out."

"But you've made some sketches!" said Charlie.

"Oh! hasn't he?" said Dot. "He was just showing them to us. Shall I bring them out?"

Walter frowned at her.

"Can't you come in?" said Sir John to Lina. "It's quite worth while, and you're a better critic than any of us, though you are so modest, you know."

"I wish I could; but I have left uncle and auntie all this afternoon—"

"How are Mr. and Miss Hooker?" said Walter, with an effort visible, despite all his politeness. "I beg your pardon for not asking before."

"Oh! much the same, thank you."

"You must take your sketches down, then, and show them some day," said Sir John.

"Oh, do!" said Lina. And she shook hands all round, and bade farewell. "By the way," she added, with a little shy laugh, what I originally came for I've forgotten; I mean our letters."

"Here they are," said Dot; "Walter brought them, and these two parcels for you, Mr. Sowerby."

"Are *you* off too?" said Walter, his old suspicions returning as he saw Charlie preparing to follow Lina.

"I'm afraid I must, old fellow. I've a little business I must do with Mr. Hooker. If I'd known, I would have arranged differently; at least, I'd have tried. You took us all quite by surprise."

"Of course you must do as you think best," said Walter, as the pair departed together, to Lina's great distress.

Poor girls! poor girls! Who will ever give you credit for the silent martyrdoms you undergo in matters like these?

Dot was a martyr, too, to Walter's temper for the rest of the evening. As she told mademoiselle, she had always been thinking how nice it would be to have him back; and now he *was* back, it wasn't nice at all. Walter, a great flirt with other girls, was sometimes hardly civil to his own sister. He let her look at his sketches, but would not act showman in the least. This is such a common failing that few of us can afford to fling stones at him from our own abodes of glass. Still, in hopes we may all profit by the warning, a specimen shall be given of the way he exhibited his pictures of the Tyrol and foreign parts to her, and then generally to any other young lady when he had his company manners on.

Dot: "Oh, Walter, whatever is this wonderful place? I can't read the writing a bit."

Walter sits moodily, with his head between the two broad sheets of the *Wessex Chronicle*.

Dot: "Walter, *do* tell me. You can read that stupid paper any time."

Walter (looking up impatiently): "That? Oh! that's Ischl."

Dot: "What a funny name! And what is this other picture of a woman? Is she in mourning?"

Walter: "No; Peasant's head-dress, Bavaria."

Dot (after another rummage): "Oh! and is this what you wrote to us about in your letter, where you and Mr. Webster got wet through, and had to dry your things on the stove?"

Walter: "I should think your own sense would tell you. Can't you tell a stove when you see it?"

Dot: "Oh! but, Walter, do be amusing about it! you know you can if you like.

Only you never tell me any nice little stories about things, as you do to Lina, or Miss Hooker, or anybody else."

Walter: "What stuff! I've told you them heaps of times. I was always writing letters home, only I suppose no one took the trouble to read them."

An indignant protest from Dot. The rest of the scene may be imagined.

Walter (with "company" of the female sex): "Delighted to show you my drawings; only really they're not worth your looking at." (Brings out portfolio, amid subdued acclamations from the fair spectators.) "Have you ever been in the Salzkammergut? Fearful name, isn't it? And that's Ischl. Yes; I quite agree with you. Those names must have been invented on purpose to stump a fellow in a competitive examination. Ischl, you know, makes a capital *pied à terre* for Berchtesgaden, the Wolfgang See, the Schafberg, and lots of

places. Ah! that little woman. Do you think her pretty? So glad! The original was quite charming in her black head-dress. She sold us some milk. I saw her afterwards praying before one of those quaint little votive tablets in St. Wolfgang's Church put up by people who have had unexpected escapes from drowning or illness. Yes, indeed, it *is* a most romantic place; like one of Grimm's fairy tales. I should not have been a bit surprised to have found the identical seven dwarfs who took in Snow-white when her cruel step-mother poisoned her. Ah! that's a wretched little scrawl; I did not mean you to see it. Our kahn, and the man who paddled us across. Oh! the colour of that Wolfgang See, and the steady reflections of the hills! I never saw water so calm. And it was lucky too, for they have the craziest old tubs imaginable to cross it in."

And so he would run on about "ein-

spanners," "jodelling," "sennerins," Alpine roses, and all the other delights of a tourist, in a way that quite fascinated his young lady friends; while to Dot or to Sir John he gave a rather less entertaining account than if he had been spending the time driving up and down between Charing Cross and Waterloo Bridge. This sounds as if Walter must have been a very selfish, disagreeable young man; but, on the other hand, we must make allowances for a nature unusually susceptible, one that found it as hard to get on without excitement as a crocus to open without sunshine. All the warmth of Sir John's heart and Dot's (and very warm, kind hearts they were) could not bring out half so much from him as the smiles of a pretty girl, whose Christian name perhaps he did not even know, and the indescribable influence of "society."

To poor Dot this was a great trial. Her

own nature was so entirely different. "Company manners" with her meant being a little stiffer than usual, and feeling as an insect of retiring nature and domestic habits might be supposed to feel when it was suddenly put under a microscope. She wanted something to pet, and Walter would not let her pet him, though he occasionally allowed her to run on errands for him, and always expected her to know what had become of his lost property, from gloves to bank notes. He was most dreadfully careless in leaving money about, and as to his letters, it was lucky the friends who confided in him did not see the way in which he treated their epistles.

At this time Dot's great delight was in going sometimes in the afternoon to read with Miss Hooker. They were conscientiously working their way through "Hamlet" (in Bowdler), Mr. Hooker having given it as his opinion that Dot wanted to have a little

poetry put into her, though even he could not restrain an internal smile if he happened to linger in the drawing-room and hear these two placid feminine voices alternating, in tones almost exactly like those which they used over the Penny Club accounts, whether it was Hamlet's dialogue with Ophelia, or his address to the players, or Polonius giving farewell advice to his son Laertes.

"I don't think any of the people in 'Hamlet' are nice," was Dot's comment one day. "I suppose, though, there's a kind of moral meaning to it, isn't there, Miss Hooker?"

"Yes, dear," said Miss Hooker, hoping the spark had been struck. "What *do* you think is the moral meaning?"

"Well, I suppose that we oughtn't to be afraid of ghosts, isn't it?"

"Well, yes. Of course we oughtn't," said Miss Hooker, feeling this was but a

partial justification of the great dramatist.

Dot went on more boldly, "If Hamlet hadn't been so silly about the ghost, he wouldn't have wanted to murder anybody, and then he and Ophelia might have been married, which would have been much nicer."

"Still, I don't wonder at his being very melancholy," said Miss Hooker. "It was a dreadful thing, his father being murdered by his own brother."

"Yes," said Dot. "Do you suppose it's true?"

"Well, I don't know. I should hope not."

"I can't think why people should ever make up such horrid things. I wonder how they ever came into any one's head? I hope they won't into mine. Walter makes such dreadful pictures sometimes. He made one the other day of Eugene

Aaron—wasn't that his name?—and somebody he had killed. I couldn't get him to tell me exactly what it was. Mademoiselle admired it so much, but granny couldn't bear it. Do you know, Miss Hooker, I don't think granny likes Walter much. What do you think he did the other day? He put her face into a picture he was doing of the witches in—what is that play of Shakspeare's? It's just like her. I hope she'll never find it out. She *would* be so cross."

"We shan't ever finish this scene, Dot. Don't you want to know how Hamlet behaved to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern? Or would you rather not go on?"

"I suppose we'd better, just to the bottom of next page. And then there'll be time for you to show me how to do those perforated card book-markers, won't there? I haven't much time, because mademoiselle's birthday comes on Friday. Oh

Miss Hooker, won't it be fun when Walter comes of age? Next month, you know. We're going to have—Oh! I forgot; I mustn't tell secrets. Well, old Mr. Rosencrantz, I suppose we must get done with you. What an odd name! I wonder how he ever remembered to spell it right."

And they really read steadily to the end of the scene, after which Dot shut the old calf-bound volume with a sigh of relief, and put it most punctiliously back between Vol. VII. and Vol. IX. in the little bookcase where it had long dwelt undisturbed among the other passions of the dead, and, too often, the platitudes of the living.

CHAPTER VI.

> "And wilt thou leave me thus,
> That hath loved thee so long,
> In wealth and woe among?
> And is thy heart so strong
> As for to leave me thus?
> Say nay! say nay!"
>
> *Sir T. Wyat.*

To return from our digression. After leaving the Hall, a few steps brought Charlie and Lina to the parsonage, where they found Mr. Hooker at home in the midst of a great pile of books and manuscripts. Though not exactly thin, he had acquired, more than of old, the look that characterizes a man who leads a sedentary life, and who does not take his share of air and exercise. His eye was dull, his shake of the hand

languid, and his manner absent, as if his thoughts still wandered among his books.

Charlie began by giving him an account of his visit to old Elisha; and Lina, when she had given him his letters, withdrew to the little drawing-room, where her aunt was making tea.

"Well, dear child, how hot and tired you look! What have you been doing to yourself? Where have you been?"

"Oh! all about. First to old Elisha's. He's very grateful for what you sent. I found Mr. Sowerby had been reading to him, so of course I did not. Then to the Hall. We didn't stay there long, for Walter had just arrived, and I thought—"

"Walter! What, really? How did he get back so soon? How is he looking?

"Oh! very well, I think. He says he's coming down here very soon, to bring his sketches for you to see. Of course we came away directly."

"We! Who was 'we'?"

"Oh! I thought I told you Mr. Sowerby came up too to get his letters. Here are two for you, by-the-bye. That one looks like a bill."

"So it is. I wish people would send their accounts in at the proper time. This is eighteen months old. I shall have to ask your uncle for another cheque, and really—"

"Have you any tea for us, Fanny?" said Mr. Hooker, Charlie's bright pink and golden face and hair peeping over his shoulder like a rising sun.

"Yes, indeed I have. Sit down, Mr. Sowerby, and tell us all your news. I hear Walter has arrived."

"Yes; isn't it capital? I went up there to get my afternoon letters. He's looking so well, and has got such a wonderful brigand's hat—just what my mother would like for private theatricals."

"Very becoming, I daresay," said Mr. Hooker. "My young friend Walter generally has an eye to that."

"I hope you have good accounts from home," said Miss Hooker.

"Oh! thank you. I've a line from my aunt. In fact I asked her—she was so good as to get me this," and he put a brown-paper parcel into his host's astonished hands.

"For me!" said Mr. Hooker, darting at the string with the bread-knife, to Miss Frances' dismay. (String was dear to her soul, and still dearer the moral discipline of untying it.) "What! Curtius' Etymologie? Really, Sowerby, this is too kind of you. I did not know I had ever said anything to you about wanting it. But you must let me consider it as a loan."

Charles explained that this was far from his intentions, and, getting more and more embarrassed, he turned to Miss Hooker

with a brown-paper roll, which had also come by post. "Do you think these would be of any use for the book?"

"What book? Oh! Lina's scrap-book. How kind of you! But, indeed, she must answer for herself. Lina, do you see Mr. Sowerby's beautiful contribution to your scrap-book?"

Lina came and bent over the parcel, her eyes lighting up as she took out one charming coloured print after another,—Little Red Riding-hoods in scarlet cloaks, meritorious families going to church through the snow on Christmas Day, postmen delivering Valentines to bewitching parlour-maids in Dolly Varden caps, parrots and kingfishers, butterflies and humming-birds, as brilliant and almost as volatile as in life. All was delightful for a second, till her consciousness was aroused by a sight of Charlie's eyes fixed on her in a tell-tale way. Then she quietly put down the

prints, and said, in a collected, matter-of-fact voice, "They are beautiful. I shall tell Esau Rodbourn" (Laban's brother) "what a pretty present Mr. Sowerby has brought him from London. I'm sure he'll be pleased, poor little man! I hope Laban won't be jealous."

"If he admires them half as much as we do—" began Miss Frances.

"Or as I do my 'Curtius,'" said Mr. Hooker, looking at Charlie in the warm-hearted way he now and then could assume. "In my younger days I used often to give myself the treat of buying books; now I can't afford to indulge. Money seems to grow less worth, and everything else dearer, year by year."

"It's a shame this living should not be larger," said Charles; "and yet one doesn't quite see where the blame lies. The lay impropriator has always had the great tithes, I suppose?"

"Why, you see, at the Reformation it was a case of 'the biter bit.' The monks who had robbed the poor secular clergy were robbed in their turn. The only difference was that there was in the first instance some shadow of a religious and charitable application of the stolen goods, and now there is not even, as Æschylus would have said, the 'ghost of a shadow.' When Henry VIII. gave this abbey to the Pike family, he no doubt took away some lands to which the previous owners had a very good right, as well as some which the Pope had most unjustly granted them. But we poor parish priests were no better off than we were before, and," glancing at the ladies' vacated seats, "though we're not condemned to celibacy in so many words, yet, practically speaking, how is any man to maintain a family on a small pittance which is already drained for parish charities and church and school subscriptions?"

"Yes, indeed," said Charlie; "I have often thought of that."

"I shouldn't care," said Mr. Hooker,—"at least I hope I shouldn't—what privations I underwent, say as a missionary, or in any place where I felt it could not be helped. What I *do* mind is being cramped and crippled at every turn where it *could* be helped and ought to be helped. Now, here's this population of nearly 1200 people. Of course I ought to have one curate, if not two. I'm not so young as I was; still, I feel my experience might be of some use to a younger man. Well, the doctor tells me I ought to keep quiet, not let my mind be worried, not overdo myself. And here are two full services every Sunday, to say nothing of weekday ones, the school to be taught, farmers and tradesmen grumbling and buttoning up their pockets because I don't visit them, my work for Atwood and Carter hanging over me, which

I must do, or I shall be 'county-courted,' as they say here, before Christmas. But I beg your pardon; I oughtn't to trouble *you*, of all people, who have been so kind to me already."

"Would Sir John do nothing?"

"I don't like to ask him. He has no conception of the scale on which the thing wants doing. He's a kind-hearted sort of man, of course, according to his lights. He'd give me a twenty-guinea cheque, I daresay, and think that ought to stop my mouth; whereas what I want is to have it recognized that the whole system wants amending. The living ought to be doubled, of course—trebled, more likely. I sometimes think of writing a paper about it and having it given to him or to Walter after my death. I don't want him to look on it as done from personal motives; though, for the matter of that, I don't see that it is any disgrace to ask for what ought to be one's

own. But how I have taken up your time! Let me give you another slice of bread-and-butter. At least we can afford *that*."

"No more, thank you. You are most kind and hospitable. In fact, Mr. Hooker, you are so kind that—"

"What? Anything I can do for you?"

Charlie crumpled the table-cloth into creases, blushed from brow to shirt-collar, and at last contrived to say, "Mr. Hooker, do you think there's any chance for me with Irene—with your niece?"

"What, Lina? Why, I always thought you liked—Well, never mind! But this is quite new to me. Do you mean," said Mr. Hooker, pushing his chair away from the table, so as to get a more comprehensive view of Charlie and things in general, "Do you mean to ask my leave to propose to her?"

"May I? I haven't said anything. I

wouldn't without your leave. I don't know if she guesses."

"Well, I can't see why you shouldn't. But, as I said before, this has taken me quite by surprise." And Mr. Hooker got up from his chair and leant over the back.

"Do you—is there any personal objection?"

"None whatever. I'm sure we ought to be honoured. Though what we shall do without her—but it's the way of girls to slip through one's fingers. Trying to keep them is like holding sunbeams or drops of water." A deep sigh from Mr. Hooker; and then, as a less poetical view of the matter presented itself, he added, lowering his voice, and with great added cheerfulness of manner, "Only, Sowerby, I must tell you plainly she's only eight hundred pounds in the world of her own, and never likely to have more."

"Oh! that doesn't matter. Do you

think I might see her—some day, soon?" said Charlie, beginning to tremble from head to foot.

"Well, but what are you going to marry upon?" said Mr. Hooker, who got more perverse as every moment made him realize more and more how much he should dislike losing his niece.

"Oh! I forgot. Lord Yarmouth has promised me a living, which will most likely be vacant before long, and I've something of my own. We might begin on a curacy, mightn't we?"

"Hadn't you better wait till you are ordained?"

"I could work so much better if I felt sure of her. I can't tell you what it is, seeing her day after day, and not being able to say a word."

After a good deal more of this kind of conversation, Mr. Hooker at last relented in his own brusque way, adding, "I'm

afraid I'm behaving very rudely, but as I said, this has taken me so by surprise. Look! isn't that Lina at the bottom of the garden now? Frances will be indoors; she had letters to write for me this evening. She's quite my secretary now. Well, if you *must* go, as it seems you must, why shouldn't you go at once? You mayn't have so good an opportunity again. I don't know though, Sowerby, when it comes to the point, that I can make up my mind to let you carry off the sweetest rose in our garden."

"I'm going directly," said Charles, who instantly rose, for fear Mr. Hooker should begin to change his mind.

"You may as well take her out this," said Mr. Hooker, with a grim smile, as he glanced at a knitted red and white coverlet that lay on the sofa. "Tell her to put it over that thin muslin of hers. Why girls should set to work deliberately to get congestion

of the lungs, I don't see. But there's only one thing more foolish than a young woman, and that's the young man whose head is turned by her."

Charlie was so completely beside himself that if Mr. Hooker had told him to offer her the poker by way of a gardening tool, he would have done it. Out he went into the garden, where Lina was standing at the end of the lawn, watering her newly-planted geraniums. It was just after sunset, and there was a soft languor in her face, and a kind of nurse-like tenderness in the way she petted her flowers. She turned towards Charlie, and looked a little stately and a little surprised at seeing him.

"Mr. Hooker's afraid of you catching cold," said he, offering to cover her shoulders.

"Oh! thank you, I never catch cold."

"He seemed rather—" and Charlie stopped, fairly at a loss for words.

"Is anything the matter? Do tell me. I'm sure there is, by your face." And Lina put down the watering-pot and looked straight up at him.

"Could you come round here just for a minute?" And he turned into a little shady path. She felt now something was coming.

"Miss Lina, your uncle has told me I may ask you to—I mean I wanted to say—do you think you could ever consent to be my wife? Oh, *don't* say no," said Charles, seeing, or fancying he saw, a refusal on her lips.

"Oh, Mr. Sowerby!" And Lina stepped two or three steps back, and shook off the hand that was ready to clasp hers.

"*Could* you not love me?" said Charlie. "Oh, I don't seem as if I could ever say how I've cared and cared for you for years; almost ever since I saw

you!" His voice shook, and Lina was greatly affected.

"Why did you? I'm sure I never, *never* meant anything," she said, without looking up; "I hope I haven't been giving you encouragement. I don't mean to flirt. I don't think I have—have I? If I have, I'm so very sorry and ashamed." And she gave him one pleading, almost frightened glance.

"Oh, no! You've been always good, always right. But say you won't throw me over, not without thinking, not without giving me one poor little chance," and he stood quite still and fixed his honest, simple blue eyes full upon her. She became very troubled.

"I must not. I mean I must not hold out hopes when there's no room for it. Oh, Mr. Sowerby, when we were all so happy together! why did you let it come to this? I thought you cared for—I thought

you only cared for me as a friend. I was so glad to think I had got a friend who wouldn't want anything more. And now you make me give you this bitter, bitter pain. Oh, it is too hard!" said Lina, almost crying.

"But why must it be so? Why can't you love me? I know I am stupid; but—oh, you don't know *how* I would try!"

"It would not be honest."

"There's some one else," said Charlie hastily.

"I never said so. And please, Mr. Sowerby, you mustn't say so, I shall never marry; you must not ask me why."

They took one or two steps in silence; he walking by her side, but a little apart from her. There was a nightingale passionately singing in the thicket.

"Oh, if I could only tell my feelings like that creature!" said Charlie. "I seem as if no words would come. How

am I to make you care for me when I am such a poor, dumb, helpless dog? If I might only lie at your feet as a dog does, I should be better off than I am now, and you'd be kinder to me. I'd wait for years. I'll do anything for one little ray of hope. *Can't* you give it me?"

Irene paused, then, making a great effort, looked him full in the face, and said, with deep sadness in her tone,—

"No, Mr. Sowerby, I can't."

Another turn in silence; then Lina again looked up and said,—

"Mayn't I go in now?"

"Oh, yes," said Charlie, "I beg your pardon for keeping you. Somehow I didn't know—Miss Hooker," and he wrung her hand, "I must say, God bless you for all you have been to me these five years. You'll never know how much."

And he turned abruptly and left her.

He had not gone half a dozen steps before he returned to say,—

"I promised to help your uncle till October. I can't throw it up and leave him. Shall you mind the sight of me?"

"Oh, no! That is, I was going away any how on Monday. Oh! Mr. Sowerby, I feel I have been so rude, so unbearable! Can you forgive me?"

But he was gone. Lina sat down on the stone seat and cried. It seemed hard she could not bring herself to love him. But with Walter's face so vividly before her, and his voice ringing in her ears, it seemed as if her fancy would admit no other image.

A more "prudent" girl might have considered chances and possibilities; have set Charlie's constancy against Walter's fickleness, the bird in the hand against the possible two in the bush, but "it would not be honest," "it would not be honest," cried Lina's heart over and over again.

Charlie meanwhile walked home by the least frequented ways. It was strange to see the village so quiet; groups of working men standing smoking at the cottage doors, huge waggon-horses ridden by small boys seated sideways on their elephantine backs, lads and lasses hanging shyly about in the lanes: *their* course of true love seemed to be running with almost uninteresting smoothness. The church clock struck eight as he passed. He entered his rooms. All looked just as it had done on the other side of the gulf which he had traversed. There were his books open, there were the photographs looking at him from the mantelpiece, there were his old coat and slippers by the cottage arm-chair where he usually sat to write. He dismissed Mrs. Jennings and her offers of attendance, locked and bolted the door, flung himself down on the couch, and gave way to his terrible grief.

"What had he done that this should come upon him? How could he go on trusting? Why should he work? Why pray? Why, or rather, how should he ever love again? What had become of his beautiful dream of good to be done with Irene at his side? Here was Walter, careless, vain, selfish, indifferent, preferred (as he more than suspected) to himself, with all his deep earnestness and constancy." He shuddered to think of it all, as he crouched by the unlighted fire, his head on his hands, the veins of forehead and hands swelling and throbbing, his whole body quivering with distress. It was a long, severe struggle, a wrestling, an agony indeed. But these times of deep trouble will not bear description. If indeed those who have passed through them dare only to recall them now and then, how is it possible that others should narrate them?

After some two hours he rose, very pale, very quiet. As he took off his coat before going to bed, a piece of paper fell out. It was only part of the direction of the scrap-book pictures in Miss Carew's even, delicate hand; the sight of it, and the thought of the hopes of a few hours ago suddenly brought back, made the tears run down his cheeks. He wondered if Miss Carew had had any suspicion of the state of his feelings. If so, how *could* he meet her kind, anxious eyes that always discerned when the least thing was wrong?

The gentle face came before him and followed him to his rest, and even in his dreams it strangely mingled with Lina's. So we leave him wearied out as a sailor after shipwreck.

Lina meanwhile had glided through the French window which led from the garden, and was about to fly to her own room without noticing or being noticed by any-

one downstairs, when she was suddenly checked by the knitted mantle Charles had thrown about her dragging in the lock of the door, through which she had just hurried.

As she was trying to undo it she caught her uncle's eye. He was in his arm-chair, cutting open the "Etymologie," and he (though not a keen observer of faces) at once detected her distress, and guessed the cause.

"Lina," said he, putting out his hand in the invalid fashion he had learnt of late, with somewhat of a caressing air, "do you think you could sew this up for me? These Germans have no notion of doing up their books properly."

Lina went close, and saw what it was.

"Oh, not that!" she exclaimed, in spite of herself.

"Have you said 'No,' then?" ejaculated her uncle, in his dry, thin, distinct voice.

"Oh, Uncle George, I've been so bad, so cruel, I shall never forgive myself!"

And Lina threw herself down on the floor and sobbed with her head on his knee. He put his chilly wrinkled hand against her burning cheek.

Of all confidants for a girl in love, surely Mr. Hooker was, as he could not help saying to himself, the strangest.

"But is not that easily put right?" said Mr. Hooker. "I don't know much of these things, but I have always heard a lady has a right to change her mind. I could soon explain things to Mr. Sowerby."

"It isn't that; pray, pray don't suppose I want to change my mind! He's very good, a hundred times better than I am, but I can't marry him, and I've told him so once for all."

"Of course, my dear, you must please yourself. At the same time I must say I think it's a pity, and so will your aunt."

"Oh! that's just what I wanted to say. Couldn't you keep it from her?"

"Why?"

"Oh, she's so fond of Mr. Sowerby, and she'd think me—I know she would—such an utter fool, and so unfeeling, too, perhaps."

"Are you sure she wouldn't be right?"

"I don't know—yes, I do know, uncle" (and she suddenly raised her head, while her splendid eyes flashed brilliantly). "I like Mr. Sowerby, I respect him, in one sense I might say I love him; but for all that, it wouldn't be right for me to marry him, because—well, I don't know, but I think it's a kind of desecration when you don't care in *that* sort of way. It only makes two people miserable."

"But indeed, dear, I don't think it would have that effect upon Mr. Sowerby."

"Oh, don't you? Perhaps not at first, but I'm sure it would in the long-run; I've seen it with other people. I wouldn't

be like some people I know, now—the Blackmores, for instance—for all the world! Mrs. Blackmore's quite a warning to me against marrying a man you don't care for," said Lina, greatly fortified in spirit by this sudden recollection.

"My dear," said Mr. Hooker, looking at the beautiful, glowing face before him with something of a father's pride, "you're young, you know, and very romantic; but just consider—recollect I may be taken at any moment. Your aunt can't maintain you."

"No, I know," said Lina. "You mean I ought to be glad of this chance of a 'comfortable home,' as they say in the advertisements?"

"You may never get such another."

"I don't suppose I ever shall," and she gave a deep sigh.

"Whom was that sigh for?" asked her uncle, with a smile not devoid of archness.

"Oh, nobody; I shan't ever marry!"

"I dare say! Well, then, what is to become of you?"

"I'd be a national schoolmistress."

"Would you? Do you think you're qualified? Because I can't say *I* do."

"Well, really, if I am not, the sooner I learn the better. Uncle, I am quite in earnest. Couldn't I go to Durham or Salisbury, or some of those places? I'd better go before I get superannuated," said she, forcing a smile.

"And you would really rather do that than make a good fellow, who loves you, happy? You must forgive me, my darling, but I think some day you will regret it. Say you'll give him another chance."

"No, no, uncle," said Lina, again rousing herself, "I've quite made up my mind. I've many things to regret, and to beg your pardon for, and auntie's, but on that subject I'm quite clear."

"Very well, I'll say no more. *Liberavi animam.*"

"Oh, thank you!" and she put her beautiful hand caressingly up to his grizzled chin. "Uncle, do promise one thing, don't let auntie hear of all this!"

"She'll be sure to find it out. Had not we better be straightforward and tell her? I'm sure she cares for you as if she had been your mother."

"Oh, yes (with a deep sigh), I know, I know, that's just why I can't bear her to vex herself. And she's so fond of him—I'm sure I don't wonder—and, altogether, least said soonest mended, especially if he stays on here. Well," said Lina, after a pause, "I'm going away for a week on Monday, that's one good thing. Now, uncle, *promise* me!"

"I can't quite promise, but I'll take care she never says anything to you about it."

"Ah, but then she'll *look* at me!"

"If you mind people looking at you, you'll never do for a national schoolmistress. Now," stroking her head in his brusque, affectionate way, "go along with you, I hear Burgess" (the clerk) "coming to ask for the list of hymns for to-morrow."

Lina had just time to fly upstairs, before Burgess's bald head and brown coat appeared in the passage. To stifle her regrets she took down Mrs. Somerville's "Physical Geography." She had an idea this was the kind of thing national schoolmistresses ought to know, and forced herself to give her mind to it. Lina's abilities were not much above the average, but her force of will was enormous, and she really contrived to banish both her lovers entirely from her mind, and to get up a genuine interest in the structure of the earth. "I shall give myself questions on this," she said to herself, "and work at

them every day while I'm away. And I'll read 'Theophilus Anglicanus' and 'Trench on the Study of Words' thoroughly, and 'Landmarks of History.' I wonder if that's the right kind of thing? At all events, it will be a good discipline; and I *won't* think of Walter. I oughtn't to do it, and I won't." So she went to bed, and to sleep.

It was fortunate that poor Charlie could not see her self-control; and equally fortunate, perhaps, that she was able to form no conception of the distress in which he had passed the evening. That eager, energetic girl, with her strong powers of doing and bearing, little knew how the sternest discipline, the severest trial of another and tenderer life—to which she had unwillingly been instrumental—was bearing fruit.

CHAPTER VII.

> "What's the best thing in the world?
> Something out of it, I think."
>
> *Mrs. Browning.*

SUNDAY came round again as usual; everything went on as usual, too. Lina wondered, as she tied her bonnet at the glass, whether people would guess anything by her face? and decided rightly that they would not. She looked handsomer and more dignified than ever in an old black shawl, which swept from her shoulders to her skirts, with a flow of harmonious undulations that made every movement beautiful. The bend of her head, as she stooped over her little pupils in the Sunday school,

was all that Charlie could see, from time to time, as he grappled with his boys, a rough, noisy set, and to-day sparing him as little as he spared himself. He was pale, weary-eyed, and moved dejectedly, but seemed determined to give up nothing that he usually undertook.

Walter found him after afternoon church in his lodgings, poring doggedly over a difficult bit of St. Augustine's Confessions, with his head between his hands. He started as Walter entered, and looked up with a spiritless smile.

"Sapping, as usual, old fellow? Come, you've had enough of that; you don't look in the least fit for it," said Walter, hoisting himself up on to the arm of Charlie's old-fashioned, easy chair, and putting an arm round the back.

"I'm as fit for that as for anything else," said Charles, scarcely raising his head.

"Stuff! Come up and have some five

o'clock tea, and we'll go for a good walk afterwards. Why, how's this? Ain't you well? I thought you looked seedy this morning."

"Yes," said Charlie, looking extremely distressed and uncomfortable, "somehow, I don't feel the thing. It's very odd, I feel just as if there was a rose in the room."

"No, really? Well, what do you say to this?" said Walter, brandishing one taken from his button-hole, over his friend's head.

"Sport to you, but death to me," said Charlie. "Do you know I must ask you to put it out of the room? It's absurd," he went on, as Walter vaulted from his chair, and flung it out of the window, "I never am in the room with a rose—even if I can't see it—but what I get these odd feelings. Of course, you laugh at me."

"On the contrary, it only shows how ridiculously like you are to our family. My father and Dot can never stand them

either. I believe it's all affectation with Dot, though: I'd have cured her of it long ago if he hadn't given way to her about it. Upon my word, old fellow, I'm convinced there must be some relationship somewhere."

"I don't see how that could possibly be. My mother was brought up abroad, and had only been in England a few months when I was born. My father's a Suffolk man."

"Well, all I can say is, it's very odd."

"At all events, I know now," said Charlie, "why I've never been troubled at your house in this way."

"Ay, and we've broken them in pretty well at the vicarage too. They hardly ever indulge in any there."

Charlie continued, "In London it was a perfect misery to me sometimes. My father always (very naturally) insisted on it that it was fancy. One day he tried to cure me by hiding one under the sofa cushion, and pretended there were no flowers in the

room, but I found it out directly. It's not a gift I'm at all proud of, I can tell you."

"You might be, though. I should! I wonder you don't turn it to account in the conjuring line of business. Well, now you're better, you'll come with me?"

"Thanks, but I've all this to read up, and I never can find time."

"What's the good of 'finding time' if you haven't the brains? Your poor old head is as muddled as—what shall I say? —Dot's half-yearly accounts. It's an insult to St. Augustine to pretend to read him when you're in this state."

"Well, I believe you're quite right there," said Charlie. "Oh, Walter, if I'd only your brains, wouldn't I—"

"Make a better use of them than the owner? My brains, such as they are, would strike work pretty soon if I treated them as cruelly as you do yours. Those little beggars at school in the morning—two

long services, with sermons of portentous extent from old Hookey—and now, instead of getting out for air and exercise, you sit down and delude yourself with the idea that you'll be able to study. Now, do be sensible, and come along!" and he shut St. Augustine with a slap, somewhat vindictive, hooked his arm into Charlie's, and carried him off.

They found the family party sitting round their tea-table on the lawn under a large sycamore. "Such tents the patriarchs loved." Sir John smoking on the corner of a bench, Lady Grizel in her Bath-chair, and Mademoiselle waiting on her, while Dot poured out the tea. Sir John's welcome was cordial, as it always was.

"I said you'd have no excuse for not coming up now Walter was at home. Bless my heart and soul! what has he been doing to himself? Why, Sowerby, you look exactly as if you'd been sitting up all night writing poetry."

"Sermons, more likely," said Walter.

Lady Grizel's eyes were fixed on Charlie, and in another moment Mademoiselle had flitted from the bath-chair, and was handing him tea and bread and butter, and somehow or other he found himself on a garden-seat close by the old lady. She was looking dreadfully ill and enfeebled. It was painful to see her trying to feed herself, and yet she evidently disliked having her helplessness noticed.

Charlie, by way of a cheerful subject, introduced Walter's coming of age, which was to take place next week.

"I hope we shall have weather just like this. The geraniums will be in their glory, and so will Walter."

"As the flower of grass," said the old lady, through her teeth.

No one heard her but Charlie and Mademoiselle, who was none the wiser.

"Anybody that likes is to be allowed to

walk in the park and gardens," said Dot. "Now, papa dear, you know you said they might. Walter and I both wish it, don't we, Walter? And there's to be a ball for the tenantry, and a grand tea in the ruins for all the labourers and their wives, and Walter's to make them a speech. I say, Walter, have you thought of your speech yet?"

"Sowerby will make one for me," said he, nudging his friend. "He's looking so serious, I believe he's a compoging of it now. Well, old fellow (as Charlie forced an unwilling smile), how shall I begin? Something about being 'grattered and flatified,' I suppose. Shall I take the comic line or the serious?"

"Serious, of course," said Charlie, "or they'll think you're laughing at them."

"It's a pity Sowerby hasn't to do it," said Sir John; "He'd keep his countenance and all, ten times better than you;

and upon my life he looks a great deal more the Pike of the two."

"Oh! talking of that, I must tell you Sowerby's last. He's been fainting away, just as you do, Dot, with a rose in the room. It's really awfully ridiculous."

Sir John and Dot laughed, Charlie looked annoyed, and Walter felt he had made an awkward remark. Mademoiselle hastily sprang from her chair. Something was the matter with Lady Grizel, and she wanted to be instantly drawn to the house. The circle broke up at once.

"Can I be of any use?" said Charlie, laying his hand on the handle by which the chair was drawn, and disarming Walter with a "Let me, there's a good fellow; indeed I'd rather," as the latter offered to take his place. Mademoiselle followed behind, and the dark little group was soon out of sight.

"What's amiss now?" said Sir John.

"Sowerby seems to be quite down at the mouth."

"I can't imagine," said Walter. "Something's gone wrong somewhere; that's painfully clear. But he hasn't said anything to me. Perhaps they've been having a tiff at the vicarage. I know if *I* was Sowerby—"

"I hope it's not bad news from home," said Dot. "Isn't one of them a great invalid?"

"He'd have told me if it was that," said Walter, thinking privately that the old "Sow's-ear" looked exactly as if he had been crossed in love.

Sir John went on: "I'll tell you what, Walter. He wants a good, thorough routing out. Take him with you to-morrow when you ride over to see the ruins where the marquee is to be put up. Tell him he shall have 'Fairplay;' I know that'll be a treat to him."

"That it will," said Walter. "And I'll

try Lord Mortlock's grey. I've rather a fancy for that little thing, though I know Coombes despises me for it. He never likes any horse that he did not choose himself."

"She ought to be worth something, since she comes out of the Chatterton stables. Not that Mortlock's ever done quite so well since old Tim Trotter died. That man was a real loss to his profession."

"Ah! old Tim. Was there ever any one like him? What fun he was!" And Walter, who by this time was also reclining on the grass in a becoming blue smoking-cap, puffing away at one of his father's cigars, went on for some time lazily discussing horses and dogs with Sir John (about the only topic they had in common). Dot played with her poodle, who always came begging for milk, and was never sent unrewarded away. Charlie meanwhile conveyed Lady Grizel to the house-door, while Mademoiselle ran to

summon a maid. For a moment the two were left alone together. Charlie stood watching the old, thin, pale, miserable face. The lips were white and compressed; even the hair seemed to have become more ashy white than of old.

"Are you in very great pain?" said he tenderly.

"Bitter, bitter pain," said she. "Oh! for years and years and years I've had it."

"Can't the doctor do you any good?"

"The sair aching heart—" she began, catching her breath and sobbing noiselessly.

"Would you like Mr. Hooker to see you? He really is so kind, Lady Grizel, when you come to know him."

"Oh, no, no!"

"Is there no one you could speak to?"

She looked at him with a face of agony. "What wad ye say," she began, "if I told you—" and then, with a sudden brightening of the eye, she said, "What wad ye say

if wi' three words I could take this grand house and a' these braw lands frae Walter, and gie them ye?"

"I wouldn't have them for worlds," said Charlie, giving a sigh as he thought of his own recent disappointment. "They'd be only a burden and a care to me."

"Then ye think there's a curse goes along wi' them?" said she, looking at him as keenly as in her most vigorous days.

"I should expect no good fortune from them," said Charlie, wondering if he was equivocating. "But, Lady Grizel, if you're unhappy, why don't you see some one? There's Mr. Hooker, so sensible, so good; or if you'd rather have a stranger—"

"I've lived alone, and I'll die alone," said she. "I want no strangers, nor no neighbours either, to come prying and speering about me. Na, na; but"—and one feeble little tear just reddened the dry sockets of her eyes—"if you'll say a

prayer sometimes for the maist miserable woman ye ever knew—and sae God bless ye, and farewell." She wrung his hand with both of hers, for Mademoiselle was seen approaching, and a maid with her; and Charlie, much perplexed, returned to the party on the lawn. His mind was so preoccupied between thoughts of Lina and the earnest desire to do something, get away somewhere to a hard-worked curacy in the Black Country, a mission station in Africa, a district at the London Docks—anywhere where he could work and struggle, and perhaps forget—that he scarcely took in what Lady Grizel had said to him. One meaning and only too-sympathetic shake of the hand from Miss Frances, who had joined the party in his absence, upset him more than all Lady Grizel's half-confidences. He made some excuse for withdrawing, but not till Walter had made a riding appointment for the next day. Sir

John pressed it on him as anxiously as Walter himself.

"Do you all the good in the world; set you up for the week! You shall have 'Fairplay,' my lad" (patting Charlie's shoulder with his great, solid, kindly hand), "and if you were my own son I couldn't do more for you; could I, Walter?"

"No; and most likely wouldn't do so much," said Walter, putting on one of his saucy faces. Sir John, as he knew, was always sceptical about his horsemanship.

"You're a great deal too good, Sir John," said Charlie, who was in that state when a kind word, no matter from whom, almost brings the tears.

"Then that's settled. No going off, mind; no harking back," said Sir John, finishing off his series of shoulder-pats as spiritedly as a drummer does his evolutions on parchment, and looking vastly pleased with himself, his tune, and his instrument.

"What's in that pretty box?" said Miss Frances, addressing Dot.

"Oh! I must show you. Look, Mr. Sowerby! Isn't it beautiful? He got it at Munich. No; I see it's München on the box; but he *said* Munich. Indeed, he got two of them; one was for me, and the other—"

"Do you like it?" said Walter, interrupting her, and holding the delicate silver cross and chain up to the light.

Miss Hooker of course heartily admired.

Walter looked much pleased. "Well, good-bye again," he said to Charlie, "we meet to-morrow."

"At Philippi, I suppose," said Charlie, with a hollow, uncomfortable sound in his voice, as he took his leave of the smiling party under the sycamore.

All the way he went home, that "*And the other*" seemed to run in his ears. There was but one "other" in the world. Well, it was wrong to murmur. Half the great

and good things in the world had been done by what the world would call "disappointed" men. Such men, having nothing to lose, could risk their lives where others would be bound to be careful over theirs. Was Francis Xavier one, he wondered, or Henry Martyn? And with a strange kind of trick of memory he kept running over and over again the words he had seen inscribed at the bottom of a print of some Jesuit martyrs:—

> "Illis gloria erat despici,
> Illis divitiæ, pauperiem pati,
> Illis summa voluptas
> Longo supplicio mori."[1]

How should he like that for his epitaph? And then, with a strange sense of incongruity, came the thought of his mother. He had had one of her harum-scarum

[1] "Their glory was to be despised, their wealth to suffer poverty,
The crowning height of all delight, amid protracted pains to die."

letters the day before from Vienna, where she was chaperoning Miss Longacre, all society, flutter, and whipped cream, with a curious mixture of religion of a certain sort, and allusions, more frequent than Charlie liked, to a certain Père Jacobi, who appeared to be in constant attendance on the ladies, and to be the most delightful of men, with a surprising capacity for getting tickets and introductions to regions generally inaccessible to the British tourist. He was going on with them to Prague, the letter said.

"Only think," said Amoret, "of seeing the relics of dear St. Boniface, and those delightful monks. The Princess —— is a great admirer of our good Father Jacobi, and she has made him promise to ask us to spend a week at her son's country seat, which is only a few miles from Prague. It is quite a little palace, I hear, but she is very *dévote*, and lives quite

an ascetic life in the midst of all her splendours. So beautiful! As the Père says, it always makes him think of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. Will you post the enclosed for me to Swan and Edgar's, and the other to Hunt and Roskell for Miss Longacre? And there is just a line for your aunt, who I hope is taking care of herself. Could you do without any more money, do you think, till Michaelmas? I wouldn't press you, my dear boy, for the world, but they never seem to give one half enough change at the railway stations abroad, and this Austrian paper-money always goes at a disadvantage everywhere else. How glad I shall be when I get back to good English sovereigns and to our own dear little fireside! 'Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!' and Miss Longacre quite agrees with me, though life *to her* is all sunshine, and she is wild at this Bohemian plan of ours."

There was a good deal more in this strain. Charlie put the rustling foreign paper back into his pocket with a groan and a suppressed feeling of indignation, as the thought of the real St. Boniface, with his grand, manly life and wonderful heroism, rose in contrast with this shallow, fluttering enthusiasm. If anything would prevent one's wishing to be a saint or a martyr, it would certainly be the idea of relics tricked out with artificial flowers, and fine ladies and sleek ecclesiastics talking sentiment over them. He went home to his old room, his old books, his old ideas. There stood the chair, just as Walter had pushed it away; there was St. Augustine, meekly enduring his ban of silence. Charlie again opened the book, as if to make amends to it for the affront of the morning, and again tried to read the "Confessions." A passage struck him at hap-hazard, and he thought he would translate it. He had

only written a few sentences, when the exhaustion of yesterday and to-day's excitement took its revenge on him, and he fell asleep, his head dropping forward on his arms, which rested on the desk before him.

CHAPTER VIII.

> "I had lever than all worldly win [gain]
> That I had found him once unkind,
> For no default in him I find."
>
> *Old [Miracle] Play.*

THE same Monday which saw Lina off to the train saw our two young men mounted on horseback, starting for a delicious afternoon's ride. They were to go through the "Chase;" it was rather longer than the direct way, and Charlie had never seen it. It was an afternoon of perfect beauty. The shade of the woods, along which they rode over broad grassy paths, such as are generally to be seen in such places, was delightful on a hot, dazzling August day.

Long streaks of light lay on the turf, and a fulness of sunshine trembled among the foliage; the red berries and glossy leaves of the nightshade were there, and wreaths of the picturesque black briony. The horses walked or trotted slowly along. Walter had tucked his hat under his arm; Charlie had loosened his tie. Neither had spoken since they entered the covers.

"I shall be glad when this hateful fuss is over," said Walter.

"Well, I don't wonder; *I* should hate it," said Charlie, rather absently.

"You'd do it far better than I should. You're just cut out for a pattern country squire—essence of propriety and respectability; and I—I can't conceive where I got it from—but I *know* I'm a Bohemian at heart."

"Square men always do get into round holes," said Charlie, with a sigh.

"Why that sigh?"

"Oh, I don't exactly know! There are so many things in the world I should like to see different."

"As for example—"

"Well, Walter, I believe I must be about your oldest friend—"

"So you're going to take his privilege of saying something disagreeable. Out with it!"

"Do you think you could get Sir John to do anything for Mr. Hooker?"

"In what sort of way?"

"Augment the living; it would be such a nice thing to do for your coming of age."

"Very nice; but really I think we all get on very well as we are."

"*I* don't. He's half killed by anxiety and overwork."

"Well, then, why does he do it? I'm sure he might drop one of his Sunday's sermons and most of the weekday services, and some of us would say 'thank you' to

him—at least for the first. You can tell him so if you like," said Walter, who looked as angry as people generally do when conscious that their remarks are very little to the purpose. Charlie, equally aware of this, took another line.

"Now, Walter, tell me. You're an honest man, and I'm sure will give me a fair answer. Supposing you had no personal connexion with the place, should you think it fair for a layman to pocket all the great tithes which were given for—well, for God's service?"

"And for the good of the Church," said Walter ironically; "and a precious deal of good it was too!"

"I don't say things were done as they ought to have been. I don't defend monastic corruptions, but I *do* say—you won't like to hear it, though."

"Go on, never mind me," said Walter. "'The sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;'

and I can see you won't be happy till you've delivered your testimony."

"That's soon done," said Charlie, controlling his voice but colouring a little; "it seems to me to lie in a nutshell. If you've got those great tithes which the monks procured unjustly to begin with, and which were still more unjustly secularized afterwards, I must say I think the least you can do is to see that the clergyman of the parish is not stinted and pinched and screwed down almost to beggary, and that the Church is properly cared for."

"Beggary!" said Walter.

"Well, it *is* beggary, comparatively speaking. You must remember how the prices of almost everything have risen, and are rising every year, while the clergyman's income remains pretty nearly where it was."

"Perhaps you would like us, once for all, to give up the property altogether," said Walter ironically.

"It isn't all Church land, is it? I can only say," Charles added, after a pause, "if it were, I should be still more thankful it wasn't mine."

"What's made you take this sudden interest in old Hooky?" said Walter maliciously.

Charlie's confusion became evident.

"Ah!" continued Walter, stung by a sudden fit of jealousy, "you'd like us to line his pockets, would you, that you and Lina might set up housekeeping comfortably together? When was it all settled?"

"WALTER!" said Charlie, with a shocked and hasty movement that startled the horse he was riding, and an indescribable look that made Walter feel bitterly ashamed.

The momentary struggle with Fairplay gave Charlie time to command himself, and, turning to his companion with a resolute face of suffering, he said, in a voice carefully veiled in monotone,—

"You need never expect to hear of anything between any one you have mentioned and myself; of that at least you may be perfectly certain. I leave this place in a fortnight; I shall never come back."

"Why, where are you off to now?" said Walter, with a certain tone of defiance and distrust in his voice.

"Nowhere—At least, that's not quite true. I have written to Jarvis, in Sheffield, to ask if I may come and work under him after my Oxford time is up."

"Well, this is news indeed!"

And again they rode on in silence, neither of them raising his eyes or even turning his head in the direction of his companion. And it was such a beautiful place, such a beautiful day! By distance it could not have been ten minutes, by feeling it was more like an hour, before either ventured to speak. As they got to the open gate at the end of the Chase, Walter put out

his hand to his friend, and said, "I say, old Sow's-ear, I'm awfully sorry if I've vexed you."

"You needn't be sorry," said Charlie, grasping his hand, and giving him one of his grave, beautiful smiles; "at least, not for that."

"And we've not quarrelled?"

"Quarrelled! Not unless you're angry with me for speaking my mind."

"Oh, I'm not angry! Time enough to think of those sublunary matters by and by. Only I was afraid—"

He looked at Charlie and saw him wince. That last subject was plainly too tender a one to be touched upon again.

"Come," said Walter, with a cheerful change of tone, "come and look at the marquee and the other preparations."

They rode up to St. Joseph's Well. How strange it looked, with its grey old sculptured work and soft, rich veil of ivy

and stonecrop, contrasted with the gaudy, flapping bits of drapery which were being put up near it, and which the horses did not much like.

"You think this is desecration, don't you?" said Walter.

Charlie smiled, but shook his head.

"Do you know the virtue of this well?" Walter continued, as he rode close up to it and pointed out the stone trough of the conduit, through which a supply of fresh water was constantly running, and which was high enough for him to reach without dismounting. "If you make a wish before you drink it, it's sure to be granted in the twelvemonth!"

"Supposing one has no wishes?"

"Impossible. Now I'll make my wish. It must be aloud, you know. I'll wish that everything may go off well on Wednesday. What's yours?"

"Well, since you are so pressing, I'll

wish that you may live to see the truth of what I've been saying." And as they spoke each young man dipped a hand into the water and drank of it.

"Deliciously cool and refreshing, isn't it?" said Walter, as he watched the sunlit drops trickling off his fingers.

"Hallo! what's this great creature buzzing about?"

Before the words were out of his mouth Fairplay had darted off, severely stung by a large hornet which had for some moments been hovering over their heads.

The flapping of the flags and draperies of the marquee had tried the horse's temper a good deal, and this sudden irritation was quite too much for him. Off he dashed, rushing furiously round the enclosure. Charlie at first straining at his mouth, then giving it up and letting him have his head. The grey on which Walter was mounted, after one or two

attempts of its rider to quiet it, tore off wildly in pursuit. Fairplay made for the Chase, darted through the gate, excited all the more by the sound of the hoofs coming behind him, and by the rustle of last year's beech leaves which still lay under the trees.

"The middle of the path, keep in the middle!" shouted Walter.

Charlie, unnerved, and not in his usual health, seemed to have lost all power of self-preservation. He swayed in his saddle, his hat was already knocked off by the boughs, and Walter saw with horror his head dipping under one, and then just missing another; and at last—where is he? Fairplay, riderless, rushes along the wood in the direction they had come in the morning. Walter pulls up his own horse just in front of his friend lying senseless at the foot of a tree, his head bleeding from concussion against a

large sharply-projecting branch. Walter sprang off and secured his own horse.

"I say, my boy, look up, you'll be better soon. Charlie, Charlie, old Sow's-ear, where does it hurt you? Good heavens!" exclaimed Walter, as he raised the head which rested heavy and apparently lifeless in his hands. "What is this?" A horrible fear darted through him, and his own heart began beating with such violence as almost to make him unable to exert himself. He put his own face close to Charlie's. Not a breath, not a movement. The hands fell powerless, though still warm and supple to the touch. Then Walter stood upright, put his own hand to his mouth, as sailors do, and uttered a long, loud, piercing cry for help. Ah, would that it could startle or arouse the slumbering figure at his feet!

What a five minutes of agony that was! The shadows of swaying trees kept shifting

and quivering over the immoveable features and lifeless limbs (Walter had bound up the head with a handkerchief of Charlie's own, and had laid him in the best posture he could upon the turf). The little brook which ran from St. Joseph's Well among the grasses and ivy-clad roots of the Chase gurgled gently beside. Walter washed off the blood and bathed the brows, but there was no sign of returning life. Presently at a little distance he heard the creak of a waggon, and saw planks and timber coming through the trees towards him. It was two of the "out-door men" belonging to the Hall bringing more preparations for the festival, trestles, benches, and flags. They were evidently quite unconscious that Walter had called, for the horses came lazily along, and one man was whistling a harvest-home tune. The waggon came close up to them, and stopped at a signal from Walter.

"Fling those things out, anywhere, quick, quick!" said he. "Help me to lift Mr. Sowerby into the waggon, he's most seriously hurt!"

"Lord-a-mercy on us!" said one of the men, as he got out and knelt by them on the grass. "He'll never speak again, sir. Dead, dead as if he was in the churchyard!"

A bitter ejaculation was on Walter's lips, but ere he uttered it his eye caught a glimpse of the strangely altered face, and throwing his whole weight forward against the stem of one of the great beech-trees, he burst into a terrible fit of weeping.

"Don't 'ee, don't 'ee take on so, sir," said one of the men. "It be the Lord's will. He calls us in His own time, and if ever there wur one fit to go, 'twould be Measter Sowerby."

Walter recovered himself, perhaps more from pride than real self-control, and helped the men to clear out the waggon,

and lift the body into it. The men silently laid their coats on the straw at the bottom of the waggon.

"Oh, he'll be so cold, so cold!" said Walter. "Have you nothing warm to put over him?"

"There's this here bit of stuff, an' if your honour pleases—"

It was a great piece of red bunting intended for a flag, with the words, "We welcome the heir," in ornamental letters, upon it.

"Ay, ay," said Walter. "Better for him than for me. Blake, mount the grey and ride off to Blowcaster for the doctor. Sheppard will drive home. Quick, quick! By the way, have you seen that brute—the horse *he* was riding?"

"We zeed un a galloping past us as we coom along," said Blake, "and I says to Sheppard there, as most likely summat unked-like 'ud 'a happened yonder, with the young squire, however. We both on us

was terrible glad when we zeed as how it wurn't you, zir."

Sheppard pulled his comrade's sleeve, with a meaning glance at Walter, who was sitting at the bottom of the waggon with his friend's head on his knee, and his own face bent over it in speechless sorrow.

"Hold thy jaw," said he to Blake, *sotto voce.* "Dost not see the young squire can't abear hisself, much less thee?"

Sheppard took the reins and turned the horses' heads towards Thornwell. The village was unfortunately beyond the Hall, and the only cottage they passed afforded no remedies except a hot blanket, which Walter wrapped round the feet, conscious all the while how vain it was.

"Shall we go to Mrs. Jennings, or to the Hall, sir?" said Sheppard.

"Oh, the Hall! Mr. Blisset will come there," Walter added, as he thought of the surgeon's visit.

Scarcely anything was said either by Walter or Sheppard during the drive, only as they passed close under a tree Sheppard broke off a bough and gave it to Walter "to keep the flies off: though he don't find of (feel) them now, sir, yet—"

Walter took the branch mechanically, but made no reply.

Evening had begun to come on. Slowly the waggon crept up the long avenue, and arrived at length at the gates of the Hall. Everything had been newly done up in honour of the coming of age. One of the painters was still lingering about, finishing up part of the railings. He came up at a sign from Sheppard, and called a groom.

Some disturbance had been caused in the stables by Fairplay's cantering up wildly with the saddle empty some minutes before, but the alarm had not yet penetrated to the house. In a few moments the body was lifted from the waggon and

carried up the stone steps into the great hall described at the beginning of this tale.

"Lay him here," said Walter, pointing to a large, old-fashioned couch covered with a bear-skin, which was placed in front of the tall chimney-piece carved with the family arms. Some one offered to lift the red flag from the body. "Leave it," said Walter, with a severity that was almost sternness.

As he spoke there was a sound of voices, of laughter. The garden door opened, sunshine and colour came pouring in. Sir John was foremost, giving one arm to Lady Grizel. Dot supported her on the other side. Mademoiselle brought up the rear with shawls and cushions.

"Well, my boy, enjoyed your ride?" said Sir John, in his hearty voice. "Good heavens!" (as the changed aspect of things caught his eye,) "has anything happened to Sowerby?" He strode up to the

couch, leaving Lady Grizel, whose limbs were tottering beneath her, to sink into an easy chair beside it.

"*Ah! mon Dieu, mais il est mort! Ah, ciel, mais c'est affreux, c'est trop terrible!*" said Mademoiselle, the only person who was not struck dumb.

Dot turned deadly white, and threw herself into her father's arms, trembling from head to foot.

"How—what—tell us!" said Sir John.

Walter could not speak. Sheppard, who was lingering in the background, came forward and gave, as far as he could, an intelligible account. By the time he had done Walter roused himself to describe in tolerably coherent language the cause of the accident, and the fright given to the horse.

"I'll have that beast shot before he's ten minutes older," said Sir John, striding across the hall towards the bell-rope.

Dot pulled him back beseechingly.

"Don't, don't, papa," said she; "Mr. Sowerby was always so fond of him."

"Where do you say this was?"

"Where they were putting up the marquee, close to St. Joseph's Well and the old thorn," said Walter, shuddering.

"Then my sin has found me out," ejaculated Lady Grizel, now speaking for the first time.

All turned to her with an expression of horror on their faces.

"Ye may weel look on me," she said. "I thought to save him fra' the curse, and to-day it has lighted on him. See, Sir John, yonder lies your son, the rightful heir of Thornwell, and *this*" (she pointed to Walter) "has neither part nor lot in any of your matters. I changed them in their cradles."

"You!" said Sir John, seizing her by the wrist, and looking as if he would gladly

have trampled upon her. "Woman! you are mad. You don't, you can't,know what you are saying."

"I am not mad; and I ken ower weel what I say," answered she. "For one-and-twenty year this weight has been on me night and day, rising up and lying down, waking and sleeping. But God is my witness," she added, flinging herself on the ground at the feet of the body, and addressing it, "God is my witness, my bairn, my bairn, 'twas all to save thee from sorrow and misfortune that I did it. I kenned the curse was hanging over thee. I wad hae done and suffered anything for thy sake, and sae I e'en put my own soul in peril, and all in vain—in vain—in vain! And now, Sir John, do what ye will with the auld wife, she's past caring for either gude or ill in this warld." She tried to rise, but was unable. Dot assisted her.

"And who am I, then?" said Walter.

"What *he* always passed for—the son of Mr. Sowerby and that fine, fair-spoken lady of his."

"I don't believe a word of the story," said Sir John. "She's always had a spite against you."

"I do," said Walter. "I understand now why I never felt—" He groaned and buried his face on the head of the couch on which the body lay. Dot, weeping bitterly, came and took his hand.

"Dot, I've been very unjust to you, often and often. Now you must have justice done you!"

"Me?" said Dot.

Walter made no answer.

"Have you any more revelations to make?" said Sir John bitterly to Lady Grizel.

"Ye believed me when I was fause, and now I tell ye the truth, ye disbelieve me," said she.

"How can we prove—?" Sir John began. "Is there any one else who knows anything of this wretched business?"

"Do you mind the nurse, a dressed-up body who came here with Mrs. Sowerby? Jane Bartleman they called her."

"Bartleman? What, that fine-talking woman with a husband in Australia—the woman you left me no peace till you had got her admitted into St. Ann's almshouses at Pentonville?"

"Ask her," said Lady Grizel; "and then ask Mary Foy, Mary Wilton that was."

"What should *she* know? She left us that very night, as I remember."

"She'll never have forgotten the young heir of Thornwell. There may be tokens that she would recognize even now on yonder—"

Lady Grizel shuddered, and the sentence died away unfinished.

Sir John replied,—

"Strange woman that you are, furnishing us with evidence to convict yourself!"

"I have kept the secret long enough," she said. "Bid Mr. Hooker come to me to-morrow, if he thinks there is any hope above for one who sinned to save him she loved best on earth;" and she put out one of her wrinkled unsteady hands and pressed that of the dead man to her lips. "Forgive me, forgive me! and, oh, if ever the dead can pray for the living, then pray for me!" she said, too absorbed in her own strong feeling to care for the angry workings of Sir John's face, the perplexity of Walter, and the silent misery of Dot."

"Est-ce que madame va monter?" said Mademoiselle, offering her arm. Lady Grizel silently took it, and left the chamber with a stern, silent stateliness that amazed them all.

Not very long afterwards, before they could recover themselves, Mr. Blisset, the

Blowcaster surgeon, arrived. Of course he could do nothing. He was a young man, and had lately succeeded to his father on his retirement.

Death, he said, had been instantaneous and therefore almost painless. The inquest—if one was considered necessary, would, he assured them, be a mere formal affair of a few minutes. The coroner, Dr. Beckwith, was a friend of his own, and he would answer for his doing everything in the most considerate and least distressing manner.

He stood for a moment gazing at the face, which seemed every instant to acquire fresh refinement and beauty.

"Oh, that we could have a portrait of him!" ejaculated Walter.

"Have you not? Is not this a likeness of him?" said Mr. Blisset, glancing at a delicately-chiselled marble bust on the mantel-shelf.

The likeness was certainly startling, more so, perhaps, than it would have been in life.

"That? Oh, no! That's our—Sir John's—uncle, Colonel Pike. One of Chantrey's; done many years before *he* was born."

"Some relation, surely?"

Sir John shook his head.

"Dot," said Walter aside, "do persuade my father to go and rest. I'll make all the arrangements. *Do!* You see nobody can get him to stir but you, and I want to see Blisset alone. There are some questions I can't ask before either of you—if you wouldn't mind."

Dot tried to smile through her tears, and made her way gently up to Sir John, who after a short delay suffered himself to be coaxed away.

Walter thought he had never seen him look really like an old man before. Nothing unnerved him so much as the pathetic

passiveness of that great vigorous frame—for after the first outburst Sir John had hardly spoken or interfered to give directions in any way.

"I must see Hewson," said Walter, and he rang the bell and sent a message by a footman.

"Mr. Blisset," said he, as soon as the coast was clear; "did your father attend Lady Pike when I was born?"

"I believe so. I'll ask him, but I'm tolerably certain he did."

"A strange thing has happened. Can I trust you as a man of honour not to reveal it?"

Mr. Blisset of course assented.

Walter then told him, with a clearness that surprised himself, the history we have just heard, and asked him to obtain from his father any information he could on the subject, and, if possible, to get at the evidence both of Mrs. Bartleman and Mary Foy.

"If I might make a suggestion," said Mr. Blisset, when about half an hour had elapsed in discussion, "I have a medical friend staying with me—an entire stranger. Of course I would not tell him my motive, but, with Sir John's permission and yours, he might be present when the last arrangements were being made. He could make careful notes about anything that might tend to throw a light on the question of identity and leave them signed and sealed in your hands or those of any other trustworthy person."

"There will be the less difficulty in this case," said Walter, "because no one wants to prove—because we all want only to get at the truth."

"I understand," said Mr. Blisset; and, flushing deeply, he added, "If I might—if I durst—I should say how deeply I honour you. Not one man in ten thousand—"

"Would do a common act of fairness,"

said Walter. "Remember his sister comes into it all."

"Poor girl!" Mr. Blisset could not help saying.

"She isn't poor! She's much too good for it. Nothing could be good enough for her!" exclaimed Walter.

"I know; that's just it," said Mr. Blisset; and then, wishing to change the subject, he said, "I believe I have a summons upstairs to see her ladyship."

"Tell me if she says anything."

"I will. But she has always been very reserved with me."

"But quite herself?"

"Oh, yes, I never could see any signs of aberration or weakness of intellect. I suppose I ought not to say that I wish I could."

Walter's next interview was with Mr. Hewson, the steward.

To him he only said that the funeral

would take place from the Hall, and that Sir John would bear all the expenses.

"I will consult Mr. Hooker about a place in the churchyard when he comes to-morrow. Any of the tenantry who choose to attend are desired to wear black as if for one of the family. And that reminds me,—some one must see about mourning for the servants, as for one of the family—"

Mr. Hewson looked surprised.

"It is our special wish," Walter added. "You quite understand me, Hewson?"

"Whatever Sir John wishes, of course. But you will forgive me for saying it is more than would usually be done."

"So much the more reason it should be done now. Now, you understand our wishes, and will carry them out thoroughly?"

Mr. Hewson assented, though rather unwillingly.

"Of course the festivities will be for the present postponed?"

"Put a stop to entirely. I wish everything to be cleared away.

"But by and by—"

"Never." And Walter, who up to this moment had commanded himself, turned away from Mr. Hewson, without attempting to continue the conversation. As he reached the door, he turned his head to him without raising his eyes, and said in a breaking voice,—

"I needn't keep you, Hewson. I can't say any more, or have any more people to-night."

"You may depend on me, sir, for doing the best I can," said Mr. Hewson, who was himself by this time a good deal moved; and he left the house, gleaning, as he passed through the servants' hall, some confused information as to the strange events of the afternoon.

Walter meanwhile went to his own room and locked himself in, sending a message that he did not wish to be disturbed. It was a quaint little chamber which he had inhabited ever since his school-boy days. The ceiling in the middle was upheld by one of the oaken "king-posts" of the old roof, and in fact several of the servants in former days had objected to it, "because it seemed like sleeping in a church."

For Walter its peculiarities had always had a kind of fascination, and on this night it seemed like a stab to him when he thought that he had no further right to occupy it.

There he sat alone, everything growing more indistinct as the darkness came on. It seemed like the gradual fading away of all his old worldly hopes and prospects. Still he sat till the moonlight shone in at his window, and gave a weird, dead-alive look to the carved head

of the abbot which supported one of the beams of the roof, and which seemed to be looking half-sneeringly, half-vindictively at him.

The stable-clock struck ten, and he still remained there. Presently Dot's peculiar uneven footstep was heard. A light shone under the door.

"May I come in?"

"What do you want?"

Then, as a thought of their new relationships crossed him, he opened it at once, and stood blinking at the light, his eyes already weakened by weeping.

Dot had a tray in her hand.

"Walter, you must eat something," said she, as she placed the candle where it would not distress his eyes.

"I can't. I hate the sight of food."

"But this is white wine whey, what you're so fond of. I asked for it on purpose for you. Now *do*, to please me!"

and she gave him one of those glances which recalled Charlie in a way that he had never realized before.

"Dot," said he, taking the tray from her, and tasting a few spoonfuls, "you're a thousand times too kind to me. How you ever put up with me, I can't think. I was not worthy to be your brother."

"Oh, Walter, how can you talk like that? when you know there's no one in the world, except papa, I care for like you." And she put her arms round his neck.

"I've been cross and rude and selfish and tyrannical; oh, how can you ever forgive me? I shall never forgive myself."

"It was all because I'm so stupid. Of course I know that. I used so often to look at Lina, and wish I was like her. When I saw how you and Mr. Sowerby—"

"Then you think he really did care for her?" said Walter hoarsely.

"I don't know. He used to seem to like to be with her."

"And she?"

"Oh, I don't think Lina ever thought much about it, but I don't know. Miss Hooker always seemed fonder of him than *she* was."

"Oh, Dot, I wish my tongue had been cut out before I said what I did to him this afternoon!"

"Why, what was that?"

"Oh, I couldn't say it again! It's *this* that makes me more miserable than all the rest put together."

"My own dear Walter! He knew you so well. He wouldn't think much of two or three hasty words, whatever they were, we may both be sure of that."

"I asked him to forgive me," said Walter. "I'd no idea then for how long. Oh, Dot, I shall never forget his face when he turned and looked at me then! It quite

frightened me—it was so good and beautiful."

"Well, you see he *did* forgive you!"

"If not, I think I should have died by this time. What it would have been if he had fallen just ten minutes before! But I mustn't go over it all again, though I see it all happening, now, plainer than I can see you." He shuddered as he spoke.

By this time they were standing side by side, leaning on the stone window-sill, Walter looking out into the garden, where the soft stillness seemed to comfort his smarting and tired eyes. Dot held one of his hands and gently caressed it.

"Walter," she said at last, "there was one thing I wanted to say. If what Granny says is true, will it all come to me?—the property, I mean."

"Of course," said Walter; "I'm most thankful to say it will."

"But what a pity that is! What

could I do with it? I'd much rather you had it. Can't papa have some deed or other drawn up to hand it over to you?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Walter. "If you only knew what it is to me to be free from it, especially after what has happened!"

"But, oh, Walter, then you'll be quite a poor man!"

"Dot, if you only knew what a comfort it would be to me to be a beggar in the streets at this minute! I should feel then I was making some atonement."

"Isn't that like a Roman Catholic, rather?" said Dot; "and I don't see that it would do any good to anybody."

Walter could not help smiling. "Oh, you dear old Dot, was there ever anybody like you?" said he, taking her hand and covering it with kisses.

"Well, I dare say papa will settle it all,"

said Dot, withdrawing her hand, and giving him an almost motherly smile.

"And now, Dot, you've done all you can to comfort me. You *have* comforted me! And now you ought to go to bed, you look terribly tired."

"And you?"

"I couldn't sleep if I did."

"Promise me you will try."

"Dot," said he, catching her dress as she was leaving the room, "if no one else sits up with him, I should like to do it."

"Two of the servants are there now. There is so much to be done. The house seems as if it never would be quiet. They have moved him to the little book-room," she added, in an awe-stricken voice.

"What has my father—Sir John, I must learn to say—been doing?" said Walter, after a mournful pause.

"Writing letters. Do you know Mrs. Sowerby's direction?"

"No; we must look in his desk to-morrow," with a deep sigh. "But I think she is somewhere abroad."

"Well, good-night, Walter. It's very, very sad," her eyes filled again with tears, "but you know it was God's doing, not ours, that he was taken. And he had had a great deal to make the world not a very happy place to him."

"Oh, I know."

"You mustn't fancy you've been worse than you are. You know, Walter, you *do* do that sometimes," and she put her face caressingly against his.

"Dear, dear old Dot! as long as I've got you I shall feel I've one blessing to be thankful for. Good-night. By the way, have you seen Gr—Lady Grizel?"

"No; Brown would not let me in. They had given her an opiate, I believe. I wish they wouldn't, but Brown said she was so restless, and kept starting and crying out.

Good-night, Walter; you *are* my brother, you know, and always will be."

She shut the door and left him. Walter wondered he had ever thought her a plain, awkward, stupid girl, as that kind, innocent, humble face came back to him. She had lit his candle, and it revealed once more his old haunts and treasures—his gun and his fishing-rod in a corner; his boyish attempts at carving and turning; his table covered with untidy sketches, old letters, Bædeker, scraps of German newspapers, his brush and colours left about since the morning—a half-finished design for a new mechanics' institute, to be built in honour of his coming of age. He tore it up off the block, and flung it into a corner. There was a fresh, blank sheet before him, there were pencil and brushes. The old, artistic instinct made him take up the pencil, and sketch — something seemed to force it upon him—Charlie's

figure as he had ridden beside him on horseback that morning, and which had stamped itself on the retina with all the vividness of life, while they had held that earnest conversation. Some power stronger than himself seemed to guide the pencil. Stroke by stroke the figure came to life.

Walter had always a passion for drawing horses, and three or four bold outlines and broad dashes of sepia brought out Fair-play's spirited head and high-bred form, while the rider, no less true to nature, was represented with his face a little turned towards the spectator, his neck partly bared, and his whole figure expressive of slight languor and fatigue, which only intensified more strongly the earnest look in his face. Around were the woods, and beyond a few artistic touches gave the ruined canopy of St. Joseph's Well, seen indistinctly through the gate of the Chase.

The clock struck one before Walter had

finished. He seemed haunted by a desire to have one more look at the original. The house was perfectly still. He took off his boots, and stole downstairs, leaving his candle above, for it was bright moonlight. There was not a sound audible as he passed the bedroom doors, and no signs of movement in the hall, which was lighted from above by great Perpendicular windows in the second story.

All around were the possessions which the deceased—by anticipation, at least—ought to have called his, and which had never owned him till now, when it was too late. Ancient armour, pictures, relics of all kinds, wondrous carved ivory, priceless china, hothouse plants crowding the old recesses, gold and silver plate gleaming from distant brackets and shelves. On the floor of the hall Dot's parasol, and two or three dead flowers, Charlie's own torn hat and left-hand riding-glove, the fingers

still marked with the turf he had clutched at in his fall. All these things Walter discerned one by one, and the scenes of a few hours ago rose up before him with a sickening reality. There was the arm-chair in which Lady Grizel had sat; her voice still seemed to ring in his ears. He appeared to see Sir John's distracted face and Dot's terrified, trembling figure; all seemed to throb and burn and dart feverishly through his blood. His brain, no longer able to regulate its own motions, was possessed by these voices and images, and kept repeating them almost against his will.

He opened the door of the little book-room, which was on the ground floor, and which—seldom used for the purpose its name indicated—had for the last fortnight been made the receptacle of all kinds of preparations, which were to have been kept out of sight till the coming of age. A bale of bright-coloured dresses, out of which

some were to have been chosen as presents for the female servants, a heap of gilt-edged cards of invitation, partly filled up by Dot and Mademoiselle, an old book of heraldry, which had been consulted to furnish ancestral coats-of-arms for shields to adorn the ball-room, and which now lay gaping on the floor. By day, the contrast which these produced would have been still more striking; now everything seemed subdued and quieted, and the room to be possessed by the presence of the motionless body that still lay on the couch, where it had been placed in the afternoon, the limbs straightened and the eyes closed, and over all that brilliant flag, with its strange, ironical inscription, which no one had dared to remove, for a rumour of the truth had spread among the servants, and some indefinable superstition had made them leave the covering as it was.

The sight seemed to bring a rush of

bitter recollections. Walter flung himself down at the foot of the couch. It was the attitude of prayer, but no words came. Yet there seemed a sacredness in the touch of one so holy, so calm, so pure! He felt no terror at being alone with the dead. If there are any angels hovering about that house to-night, it must be here that they chiefly love to keep watch. Who knows but his spirit is among them?

Walter was in one of those singular mental conditions when the actual and the imaginary seemed almost to touch. He would have said that he had never slept during those hours that he remained in the hall; and yet it could only have been in a dream that he saw his friend standing before him, his golden hair glistening with bright drops, his face such as it was when he addressed him, for the last time, beside St. Joseph's Well. Walter himself seemed —so strange are the vagaries of the mind

in dreams—to be lying, bruised, bleeding and earth-soiled upon the ground, and Charlie was standing over him among sunshine and green leaves, and sprinkling him with water from the well. "The water washes it all away! all away!" the well-known voice seemed to repeat.

Alas! when he awoke, the only drops of moisture on his cheeks were his own tears!

CHAPTER IX.

"Away! we know that tears are vain,
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress;
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet."

Lord Byron.

"WHAT is to be done about poor Miss Carew? Some one ought to go to London and tell her," said Mr. Hooker to his sister as she sat at work with a basket of black materials of various kinds before her, on the following day. Both brother and sister looked wretchedly ill, and as if they had passed an almost sleepless night.

"Oh, that is just what I have been think-

ing, George! I had a talk with Mr. Blisset this morning, and he says none of them are fit to go. And I thought, if you had no objection, I would go myself by the 4.30 this evening, and then I can do as seems best about staying the night. If you could see Walter and ask him; I hardly like to go up to the Hall. It seems like intruding, so very soon."

"I am sure he would be only too thankful. I told you I had been with him this morning. We were obliged to go to Mrs. Jennings' and look after one or two things. Walter asked me to come and help him."

"How does he seem?"

"Oh, a good deal altered! It seems a curious thing to say, but I never saw him look so *plain*. All the brightness of his eye gone—'crestfallen' expresses it better than anything. But he was very nice, and consulted me about everything in such a humble way; so different from his old con-

ceit. He quite broke down when he first entered the room. Nothing had been touched; there was St. Augustine lying open, and a paper half open with extracts from it—such a beautiful bit! Walter folded it up and put it into his pocket. 'I must have that,' he said. I'm sure Mrs. Sowerby won't grudge it him. We went there partly to try and find her address. There was a foreign envelope directed, 'Poste Restante, Prague,' and the beginning of a letter from which I gather that she had been coming on him for money; there was a page or so of business, and then a line or two saying, 'I have not been feeling quite the thing the last day or two, but Walter is going to take me for a ride to-morrow, which will be a delightful—' and that was all," said Mr. Hooker, with a sudden failure of voice.

"How one *does* grudge her that letter! said his sister. "Of course it will have to be sent on."

"Oh, of course. I think, though, you had better consult Miss Carew about it. And then there were all the dear fellow's books, his Greek Testament and lexicon open, and his pencil notes all blown about and lying scattered on the floor. Oh, one thing struck us very much! In his desk, wrapped up in silver paper, was a beautiful mourning ring, with hair, and 'R. I. P.' upon it. Walter recollected all about it. Lady Grizel seems to have given it to poor Sowerby in a mysterious interview she had with him some years ago—the first visit he paid here. That looks, at all events, as if this were no new fancy of hers."

"No! Indeed I never thought it was. George, now you mention it, I recollect two or three other things of the same sort. Look here; I came on this the other day. I suppose I slipped it in carelessly at the time, and it has lain there ever since." And she went to the bookcase and took down a

book in which a piece of paper had been laid as a marker. It was Lady Grizel's little note, begging Miss Hooker to look after Mr. Sowerby on the day of their Easter expedition.

"She seems to have been curiously superstitious about that place. How it all comes back to me now! I remember it very well because Lina— By the way, George, I saw Sir John for a moment to-day, as I was going through the churchyard. He seemed scarcely able to say a word, but he managed to ask me when Lina would be at home. Dot wanted so much to see her."

"Poor dear old Lina!" said Mr. Hooker, as the recollections of last Saturday night came over him. "I wonder if she will ever forgive herself."

"Oh, yes, I think she will," said Miss Hooker, "unless any one puts it into her head that she did wrong. If he had been alive now, we should not have thought her

to blame, and this was quite past our control." She gave a deep sigh.

"I never told you we found a little relic of Lina among his things."

"No! What? Something she had given him?"

"Well, you can hardly call it *given*. It was only an invitation to dine one Sunday in her handwriting; a most formal little note. Don't you remember when you had cut your finger and asked her to write for you?"

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Hooker, smiling in spite of herself, though the tears were running down her cheeks, "I wonder if boys and girls were created to make one another miserable! How he used to come stealing round if he saw us about anywhere, in that shy way of his! Lina's a good girl, but I must say I *cannot* think how she ever had the heart—"

"Do you think she cares for any one else?"

"Most girls care for some one or other."

"Not Walter?"

"I don't know. I'm sure it never would have come to pass as long as he had such prospects. I can't say I wished it should, for I don't like those unequal marriages. And Walter's not one of those men who would let a girl forget what a favour he had done her by making her 'my lady.' And now, I suppose, he'll have nothing to marry upon; so we'd all better put it out of our heads."

"This will be the making of him. He has quite abilities enough to get on in a profession, and it will be far better for him than being run after by fortune-hunting mammas and fashionable girls. Indeed I think it has done him good already."

"But, oh, at what a price!" said Miss Hooker. "One seems stunned by it still. I keep expecting to see *him* walking in every minute," she added, as her tears

flowed again. "When the poor people come to me about things, I catch myself saying, 'Oh, I'll ask Mr. Sowerby to go and see you.' Or, 'You must tell Mr. Sowerby about that.' How good he was to them! I went into one or two cottages this morning, and the women burst out crying the minute they saw me. Kitty Blake wanted to know 'if I couldn't speak to the parson and get her ever such a little tid of a book as had belonged to he—for a keepsake, like.' And her husband wanted to know 'if poor folk like they might come to the burying. There was a many he know'd on as 'ud give up a day's work, and willing, so they might come. There was the black clothes as they'd had when their own little wench died;' 'and if he'd a been my own son,' poor Kitty said, 'I couldn't a zim'd to feel it more—poor thing! And to a' been took off in that sudden way too! When I heerd on it I was took all of a

trimble-like, and I run in to Nancy, and she says to I, "What ails thee, Kitty? thy face is as white as a clout!" "Oh," I says, and then I tells she all about 'n, and her bursts out a cryin' along wi' I. "What?" she says, "the young gentleman as come here 'tother day when Bill was so bad?" "Ees," I says. "Then it'll pretty nigh break Bill's heart," she says, "and howsoever I be to tell 'n on't I d'wont rightly know."' She wanted to keep me and hear all the particulars, but I was forced to hurry away. First one woman, and then another came round, till there was quite a crowd collected. One does so wish people themselves could know how others feel towards them when they are gone!"

"They may," said her brother; "who knows?"

"Well, I must go and get ready for my journey." And Miss Hooker, putting her arm inside her brother's with an

affectionate pressure, rose to leave the room.

"God bless you, Fanny!" he said, "you're every one's good angel."

"I shall write to you when I get to town. And if I don't come back at once, you'll be sure to write and tell me everything."

The two following letters will explain themselves:—

"Wellington Place,
"Wednesday, August, 18—.

"My dear George,

"I got here quite safely, and asked at the door for Miss Carew. She was engaged. She never saw any one but two or three old friends when Mrs. S. was out of town. I said I came from Thornwell, and had particular business with her. The woman took up my card, and came down again with great alacrity. Would I walk upstairs? Miss Carew was on the sofa; such a sweet

creature, with a look like Walter's at his best. My face must have told something, for she trembled all over when I got up to her, and said, 'I know you've brought me bad news. Oh, be quick, be quick, and tell me how my boy is!' I don't know how I managed, or what I said, but I broke to her, as gently as I could, all about the sad accident and his death. When I had done she got so faint I had to ring for her maid. I told her in few words what had happened, and then said I would wait in another room till Miss Carew chose to send for me. I went into the drawing-room. It was all shut up, but I did not care. It was a comfort to sit still and do nothing. After a time she sent for me again, and asked for more details, which I gave her. Still saying nothing about the other matter, for I felt it would be too much for her. She had had the room darkened, and made me come in and sit by her and hold her hand, asking

little questions, and saying little things in a low, half-choked voice, but so gently and tenderly. She seemed to grudge my having the pain of coming to tell her, and thanked me over and over again. Could I stay the night? If I could, she would like to be quiet a bit now, and see me again to-morrow. So here I am writing in their dining-room till tea comes in, then I shall go quietly to bed. I am quite well, not at all more tired than a night's rest will cure. I shall wait to hear from you before distressing her by the other part of the sad story. If you think there are sufficient grounds to go upon I will do so at once, but I don't like to vex her with uncertainties.

* * * * *

"Your affectionate sister,

"FRANCES HOOKER.

"If I find Miss Carew wants me, I think I shall stay here over to-morrow. She seems to want *some one*, and there is so

very much still to be talked over with her."

"Thornwell,

"Thursday, August, 18—.

"My dear Frances,

"I have just had a conversation with Mr. Blisset and with Mr. Forsyth, Sir John's man of business; and all their investigations seem to confirm the truth of poor old Lady Grizel's statement. I must tell you, first of all, that Forsyth had an interview with her in Sir John's presence, of which he took notes. She was then quite herself, though much exhausted; but her mind, he says, appeared to be perfectly clear. I put down in few words what she said, for your information and Miss Carew's.

"On the night of the Blowcaster ball, when she was left alone with the infant, she seems, by her own account, to have had some superstitious fancy in her head which made her desirous at any price to

get him away from Thornwell, and the only way of doing this which occurred to her was by exchanging him with Mrs. Sowerby's child. She accordingly stole into the sleeping-room where Nurse Bartleman was, and had nearly effected her purpose, when Bartleman awoke, and as she says, scared her very much. Bartleman, as we know, had a good-for-nothing husband and was dreadfully in debt, and it seems that Lady Grizel bribed her pretty highly, not only to keep the secret, but to send her from time to time bulletins of her real grandson from London. Forsyth took possession of a packet of these which were among Lady Grizel's papers. To my mind that quite settles the question. There were, I should think, two or three dozen letters, beginning from the year of the Sowerbys' visit, and going on till Bartleman was dismissed from their service, giving most minute accounts of the child's health, how

he grew, how many teeth he had, and in fact, all the details imaginable about him, and of course setting the nurse's own conduct in the most favourable light. Lady Grizel had all these letters tied up and put away carefully, as well as some containing pressing entreaties that she would use her interest to get Bartleman into the Pentonville almshouses, which, as you know, she succeeded in doing. Forsyth has gone there with a day ticket, to find her if possible, and identify her handwriting. Though this seems to me nearly conclusive, I ought to mention that Dr. Macgregor's examination of the body tallies in two or three remarkable ways with old Mr. Blisset's recollections, and with those of Mary Foy, which are more explicit from her having been nursing an invalid for several years past, and having had very little to do with other children. Dr. Macgregor has seen Walter, and is morally

certain, he says, that he could never have been identical with the subject of those recollections.

The funeral will be to-morrow at five. Miss Carew will like to know the exact time. Poor dear Lina has come home, and is longing to have you back again; so if you *can* come by a morning train to-morrow, I know you will.

"Your ever affectionate brother,

"G. HOOKER.

"I open my letter again to say Forsyth has just returned, having seen Bartleman. She shilly-shallied a long while, but he got a confession out of her at last. Of course she cried a great deal, and made excuses about her poverty, her children, and so on. He has promised she shall not be turned out, which I must say I think is more than she deserves. Walter is bearing all this splendidly, but for Sir John it is terrible. We all want you. I have tried to see

Lady Grizel, but she has always been more or less under the influence of morphia whenever I called. I wish this were otherwise; but they say she suffers fearfully at times, and I can well believe it."

CHAPTER X.

"And my own country became a punishment to me, and my father's house a wondrous unhappiness; and all things that I had shared with *him* were turned, without him, into unutterable anguish."

S. Augustine, Conf. iv. 4.

THE days before the funeral had dragged slowly by.

It was the very hottest, most languid, most glaring part of the summer, just before the first autumnal chills make themselves felt; a time when the birds are all but silent and the insects busiest, when rich butterflies dazzle you among the garden flowers, and wasps are thick about the ripe peaches and nectarines; weather for sitting under trees and having poetry read aloud, for lazy boat-

ing afternoons or slow evening rides, for every kind of indolent out-of-door enjoyment.

It seemed strange to remain in the house, behind closed blinds, and to feel as if one's own life were a kind of sepulchre, whence sunshine and music and colour had departed, and yet to have none of the repose of the grave.

Walter, indeed, was not much to be seen at the Hall, for a good many arrangements had to be made by his means, and he seemed already to be trying to break himself of the idea that it was "home" to him. Whenever he was not actually wanted he disappeared, either on long solitary walks, or to his own room. At table he said very little; indeed, the meals were something dreadful that week for everybody. No one as yet ventured on a word to Walter about his future. "After the funeral" was the unspoken thought in every one's mind.

After that sorrowful night, Dot had received nothing from him but the usual morning and evening kiss. He had drawn back next time they met, but she had come forward, and there had been no further hesitation about keeping up the old brotherly and sisterly salute. In other ways his manner to her had been thoughtful, tender, considerate, almost respectful, but there were no more confidences.

Sir John had one long interview with him, in which Walter put before him all the arrangements he had made, and ended by saying, "I thought, sir, you would like to know all we had settled."

"Thank you, thank you!" said Sir John, without any kindling of the eye or animation about the heavy, down-drawn mouth. He was sitting in his study chair, with a half-directed envelope before him. It had lain there all the morning.

"We can settle nothing, I think," con-

tinued Walter, looking steadily at him, "till we hear from—Prague."

"No; I suppose not." And Sir John turned away his head, and began tearing up an old letter.

"When the Registrar came," Walter continued, "I told him to put 'Known by the name of—' the name he always went by. I thought it would be the simplest plan."

Sir John made a sign of assent, but did not raise his head or reply.

"I think all the necessary arrangements have been made. As to anything further, I will not trouble you till after Friday."

Sir John half looked up, but made no articulate answer. Walter came close to him, and laid a hand on the back of his chair, saying in a low, affectionate tone,—

"I must not take up any more of your time, then, this morning, unless there is anything I can do."

"No, no. You are very good. By and by, after Friday. I ought to thank you, I'm sure, for all your kind trouble—but" (and now he looked up at Walter, whose expression was full of uncontrollable distress) "when it's so much worse for you, my poor boy!" he added, his face suddenly working painfully, "and poor, poor Dot too! But—there, you've seen the old man make a fool of himself; he's been too happy all these years, and now he's paying for it. Oh! why did God take *him*, and leave me? I always loved him—couldn't tell how it was; felt drawn to him. Who could help being drawn to him? Not but what you've always—almost always—been a good boy to me, Walter."

"Oh, no, no! don't say that," said Walter. "I've been nothing but a trouble to you. When I look back now, and when I think how differently I might have behaved to him and to every one . . . . .!"

"Well, he'd never have come here if it hadn't been for you," said Sir John. "So far you may be glad."

"It was his happiest time, being here."

"It was by making others happy, then, for he never would take a pleasure for himself. Even the fruit I used to send him always went to his sick people; Mrs. Jennings said so. I wanted him to ride, but he never would. Ah! that riding! I'll tell you what, Walter," he went on, after a pause, "I never think of him but what I feel as if all my days I'd been a great selfish brute, spending everything on myself, and never putting myself out of the way for anybody."

"*I* might," said Walter. "One thing is, I don't think I shall ever care for—any of the things I used to care for—again; so it will be no great self-denial giving them up."

"Why should you give them up?" said Sir John uneasily.

"I must take a fresh start, and be a different person. You have been too good, too indulgent. Dot and you between you have spoilt and petted me all my life."

"You will break her heart if you go."

"I think not. She has always looked on me as a brother, and—in short, it would be impossible. Her clear, straightforward sense would see it could not go on now. And besides, I am keeping her out of her proper position."

"Her proper position! Poor darling! what will she do with this great place when I am gone? I had always looked to you to take care of her," said Sir John, whose self-control was almost at an end.

"I am not fit for any one to put their trust in me. I must go right away somewhere, and turn over a new leaf," said Walter, taking two or three quick steps about the room, and then returning.

"And I am to lose two sons at once!

Walter, do not be so hard! If you ever come to my time of life, to be broken down and broken-hearted as I am, you will never forgive yourself for this."

"Father!—Sir John, I mean—you don't know. I *am* broken-hearted already. I know I must seem ungrateful to you" (he took the old man's ruddy, weather-beaten hand, and kissed it), "but what would you do in my place? Not go on under false pretences and a false name?"

"You know I don't want anything of the kind. Is there *no* way?—no one for whose sake you would stay?" said Sir John, looking at him almost piteously.

"There is only one capacity in which I *could* go on living here now," said Walter, colouring. "You know, as I said, Dot has been always a dear sister to me."

"Well, well?"

"I could not look on her in any other light. I am sure she would be the last

to wish it. In fact, I think she knows that—"

"You care more for some one else," said Sir John coldly.

"I don't deserve that any one should care for me now. Once I thought differently, and I think that dear, kind, unselfish Dot guessed it."

"Not Lina?"

"Don't talk about it now, it is not the place nor the time," said Walter, very sadly. "And I am so unfit, so unworthy. It would really be a comfort to me, *Sir John*" (the words cost him an effort, and Sir John a visible pang), "if somebody would give me a good horse-whipping, instead of your all being so much, *much* too kind."

"Does Dot know you mean to go away?"

"I hardly know. We *did* have a talk that first night, but really I forget everything except how miserable I was, and how kind she looked. God bless her! the

old darling that she is! And now I think I'd better go. You are not angry with me?"

"I've nothing to be angry about," said Sir John, rather stiffly; and then, as he saw Walter's tears coming, he got up and put his arm round his shoulder, saying, "God bless and comfort *you*, my poor fellow! We've both of us been fools and sinners —and—now go. Don't think I'm angry with you; only remember when I'm in my grave I shall know—I *know* I shall—every kind thing you do or say to help my poor girl."

"If I only am allowed to help her!" said Walter, hurrying away, quite overcome. Even through the closed door he still fancied he heard Sir John walking up and down the room, and saying, "My poor girl! my *poor* girl!"

As Walter passed through the great hall, he stood a moment in front of the couch, now vacant, where the body had lain that terrible evening. He was roused

by a light footstep coming down the great staircase. Yes, it was Lina; very pale, very worn, very quiet.. She had nearly escaped without his notice. As it fell out, they were obliged to shake hands.

"I did not know you had come back. When?"

"Only this morning. Dot wanted me. I have been sitting with her."

"How do you think she is?"

"I don't know."

"She must have been glad to have you."

"She said she wanted me."

"What a journey you must have had!"

"Oh, I'm not tired, thank you." But Lina sighed in spite of herself. "How is Sir John? I have not seen him yet."

"He is quite as well as we can expect, thank you."

"Uncle sent his kind regards, and—there was some message, but I cannot recollect it. I think I must be going home now."

Walter followed her to the door. It had not been unfastened that morning, and his hand shook as he undid first one bolt and then another. Lina stood passively by.

"I came in by the garden," she said; "I am sorry I have given you so much trouble. Good-bye." And she put her hand calmly if not coldly into his. He merely touched it; and they parted as common acquaintance might have done.

"She never can care for me!" was Walter's bitter ejaculation, as he shut out Lina and the sunshine together, and returned to his business-writing.

"He has heard of my behaviour to Charlie, and of course he will never forgive me," was Lina's reflection. "But," she went on to herself, "if it were all to come over again, I am sure I should do just the same. A person's dying doesn't make any difference. If it was once right, it was

always right. I might have been kinder. Could I? If I had, he might have misunderstood me. Oh, how sad it is, and how very, very miserable I am! How good he was! I dare say if I had been good I should have cared about him instead of—Well, I suppose Walter will most likely marry Dot now. It all fits in beautifully. He has got talent, and she has got money, and goodness, and kindness—just what he wants. Yes, they are made for one another. And when they are married I can come back and help auntie, and teach in the school, and of course we shall all enjoy seeing them so happy together—Of course we shall!"

By this time Lina's tears were running in torrents down her cheeks. She sat down on a stile and cried, and might have gone on crying, if two poor women with a sack and a basket had not been seen approaching. She drew herself up directly.

"Good day, Martha! Are those your own potatoes?"

"Ees, miss; and terrible fine ones they be this year."

"I'm so glad. So nice for your children."

"If the lady wanted a few, them Prince Regents is threepence halfpenny a peck. I could bring 'em up any morning."

"Thank you. I'll tell her."

"This be an unked job about the young squire," said the woman with the basket.

"Very. I was away when it happened."

"Be it true, miss, that t'other young genelman, him as they calls Walter, and this Mr. Sowerby was chainged when they was little 'uns?"

"I don't know really, Rachel. There seems to be some doubt about it. I dare say we shall all know in time."

"'Tis one of the rummest things as has happened in our time," said Martha. "But this young genelman, however, as is gone,

wur the very moral of the old Colonel—my maister and I, us allays said so."

"'Twill be an uncommon bad job for our young squire if he has to gie out," said Rachel, "after being bred up to it, and all."

"But miss there, she looks quite tired-like," said Martha, moving away. "I wish, miss, as you'd come and rest in our place afore you go on. The sun's fit to fry any one as goes over they fields to-day."

"Oh, thank you, Martha, I've got my parasol, and I'm not so heavily laden as you. Good-bye; thank you all the same. Good-bye, Rachel."

"How couldst thou begin about'n," said Martha indignantly to Rachel. "Why, my little Bessie could have seen as her's nigh broken-hearted for the young maister."

"A pretty thing for thee to be a-setting o' me to rights! I should like to know which on us said the most," said Rachel,

with a flush on her heated face and a flash in her dark eyes.

"How slow she *do* walk, to be sure!" said Martha, changing the subject, and watching Lina's disappearing figure, "for all the world as our Miriam done afore her went off in a decline."

And with a few more sentences of commiseration, in which they fixed the period of Lina's departure as likely to be "afore Old Christmas Day," "onless her took up and altered very much," the two good women returned to their homes.

CHAPTER XI.

Nos juvenem exanimum, et nil jam cœlestibus ullis
Debentem, vano mæsti comitamur honore."

Virg. Æn. **xi.**

THE funeral was fixed for five o'clock on the following day. It was a golden summer afternoon. The harvest-fields, nearly ready for the reaper, glinted and rustled under an almost intolerably brilliant sky; delicate-scented pink bindweeds were in full bloom along the field-paths; poppies and cornflowers peeped up among the wheat; and young coveys of partridges might be seen making their first expeditions into the world which was ere long to prove so cruel to them.

"What a day this would have been," two or three people thought, "for poor Mr. Pike's coming of age; and how glad the chimes would have sounded in this clear, warm, mellow air!"

Now there were only the slow, deep, steady notes of one tolling bell, which had gone on at intervals all day, like the concentrated sobs of a multitude uttering themselves in one mighty convulsion after another. The village was very still; every shop was closed; nothing seemed going on. All the interest appeared to be fixed on the churchyard, where groups of labouring people hung about, empty-handed and silent. The brilliancy of the day had been a little toned down, and the softness of evening had begun when the black procession entered the churchyard. All the tenantry were there in mourning, and many of the small tradespeople and more respectable poor. The coffin was carried by six

of the principal farmers, and was met by Mr. Hooker, who commanded himself in a manner that surprised no one more than his own sister. Sir John, his white hair —much whiter lately—caressed by the summer wind, followed the coffin, supporting, or rather supported by Dot, whose quiet, grave countenance, perfectly composed, yet with a depth of expression wholly new to it, contrasted touchingly with her father's tear-swollen features and broken walk. Miss Hooker said afterwards nothing overpowered her so much as Dot's face—she did not seem even to have to try to be calm. Walter followed next, pale, rigid, with a look of intense and inexpressible grief. Mademoiselle, who was near him, was crying copiously. Miss Frances followed at a little distance, and Lina with her, beautiful with a very unearthly beauty. Her face told as plainly of high resolve and conquest over self as Dot's did of an almost

childlike, happy acquiescence in God's dealings. Then came friends, neighbours, and well-wishers, in crowds, down to the very poorest. When Mr. Hooker got to the words, "the soul of our dear brother here departed," they seemed to strike on all present with a fresh meaning. Had he not indeed been a brother, more than a brother to them all, from the dull ploughboy, whose only ideas of higher and better things were due to him, or the little child, whom he could never pass without a greeting, to the high-bred and brilliantly-gifted young man, or the two tender-spirited girls who now stood beside his grave?

"Our dear brother!" Where had Walter heard those words last? In the Abbey, at the duke's funeral. Could it be only such a few years ago? How changed everything was! How utterly changed was he himself! Where had been all his good resolutions? How little had he lived up to the

ideal of that day! "Oh, spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen."

* * * * *

"Did I dream it, or were the kirk bells tolling this morning?" said Lady Grizel, rousing herself from one of her unnatural sleeps.

"It was no dream, my lady. They were the bells for the funeral."

"Ay! ay! Whose funeral?"

"The young gentleman's, my lady," said the maid, after a moment's hesitation.

"'Twas as I thought, then. Ye mean young Walter, my daughter's bairn. I mind it a' now. God pity me!" she cried, bursting into tears. "In my dreams I dreamed he was an infant on my knee—and nurse Bartleman—oh, nurse, nurse! that's a precious treasure I have given to your charge. Heaven will ne'er forgie ye if ye neglect him; and I never, *never* will," she

cried excitedly. The bells once more began tolling—the service was over. Presently Lady Grizel looked up again. "And where hae they laid him?" The maid told her. "They did right," she said. "They put him by his mother's side. The sun will shine on his grave. But when I go—and 'twill not be long—lay me in the black north, where the sun never comes, and where wicked Alice, who starved her sick sister, was put awa'. She'll maybe think me gude company enough for her—and the gude Lord have mercy on us baith!"

CHAPTER XII.

> "Then let the stricken deer go weep,
> The hart ungalléd play;
> For some must watch, while some must sleep,
> Thus runs the world away."
>
> *Hamlet.*

UPON the events immediately following the funeral it will not be necessary to dwell in detail. The party broke up. Sir John and Dot were ordered off to Brighton by their medical man. Walter intended to stay with an old college friend, whose advice as to his future course he was desirous of receiving. Lady Grizel was left with Mademoiselle,—Miss Hooker promising to look in every day, and to telegraph if there were the slightest cause for anxiety. Not a word bordering on tenderness

had been exchanged between Walter and Lina. Miss Hooker privately suspected that he was doing penance for his old faults, or what he considered such, by suppressing every token of feeling towards her niece. At all events he departed and made no sign.

Lina made no sign either. The gossiping old women began to think she was not in a decline after all. She went briskly about the village, nursed the babies, led the singing, and decorated the church for the harvest festival. Letters from Walter would often come for Mr. Hooker, but she rarely made any remark when they were read out; to be sure they were generally short and rather dry, with business details which no young lady could be expected to enter into. He had been consulting the lawyers, and was now quite satisfied that Dot's claims would be considered as fully established. Meanwhile, however, the letters written to Prague had been crossed

by one from Mrs. Sowerby to her sister, which amazed them all:—

"Hôtel de Russie, Munich,
"August, 18—.

"My darling Blanche,

"I think you will be astonished, but I hope not sorry, to hear that I am actually going to be married! Don't be afraid; he isn't a foreigner, at least not exactly. I don't know whether I have ever mentioned him—Mr. Jethro Ditcher, of New York. I know you won't like his name. I am getting used to it, but I confess it staggered me at first. I enclose you his carte-de-visite, but every one says he looks much younger in reality than he does there. Indeed no one would guess him to be more than five and forty. We got to know him at the *table-d'hôte* at Vienna, where he was so kind in helping us with one of the waiters, who was rude or tipsy,

or something. He followed us on here, and proposed last night, as we were walking home from a concert. I hear he has heaps of money, though I didn't know that, darling, till after I had accepted him. I have always said I never *would* marry for money, as you know. Miss Longacre says he is a regular old dear; she is quite pleased about it. I shouldn't wonder if I had some news of her to tell you soon. She will go on with us to Paris, where we intend to be married. I forgot to tell you he was a Catholic; but, as you know, I have always had a *penchant* for that religion, I do not intend to make any difficulties on that score. We hope to be in England in another month, and then we shall be able to settle our future plans. Jethro's—oh, my dear! how shall I ever get over that name?—his ideas are so magnificent that they quite take away my breath. However, we have plenty of time

before us. Only, my darling Blanche, I want you to tell Charlie for me; I can't write a letter about it to him; I have torn up three already. I know he will be pleased about it in the long-run, and Mr. Ditcher's advice will be such an advantage for him. The heat here is *simply awful;* we live on ices, and never go out till quite late. Mr. Ditcher wants to know if he may send his love? I tell him certainly not. *Addio, O Cara, Addio!*

"Yours, &c.,

"AMORET SOWERBY.

"If you ever *did* feel strong enough to look through my drawer of point-lace, and speak to Moore and Price about having it done up, I should be eternally grateful."

The substance of this, with a few lines to Walter from Blanche Carew, was sent on by him to the Vicarage. A few days afterwards he forwarded another letter, which is given at length:—

"Wellington Place, Sept. 18.

"My dear Walter,

"(May I still call you so for the sake of old times?) I have been thinking a great deal about your future prospects. From all I can hear of my sister's affairs, I fear there is very little likelihood of her being able to give you any help in entering the profession of a barrister, which I understand is what you are desirous of doing. May I presume on the one deep and sorrowful interest which will always exist between us, as well as on our new relationship, to take what I am afraid you may think a great liberty?

"Some years ago I bought some shares in the Anglo-Jamaican Sugar-boiling Company, which have suddenly become very lucrative. I had always, in thought, destined them for my nephew, and now things having been disposed as they have been, I should be very glad to place the money,

amounting to about 250*l.* a year, at your disposal. Do not, please, deny me one of the very few human consolations left me in a great sorrow. You will know how fully I sympathize with *you.*

"I am, &c.,

"BLANCHE CAREW."

"So he will take to the law, I suppose?" said Miss Frances.

"I should think so, decidedly," said Mr. Hooker; "he is sure to get on."

"How I should like to know that Miss Carew!" said Lina, with something very like a tear in her eye.

"*That* you would!" said Miss Hooker.

Walter (for we go on calling him so from habit, and, indeed, in private he could never bear to be called anything else, though in public he was of course C. Sowerby, Esq.) *did* accept the offer, and afterwards called on Miss Carew, and had a talk with her which did him more good than even her

money, valuable as that was under the circumstances. He opened his heart to her about Lina, and she gave him some good advice, which led to his accepting an invitation to spend Christmas at Thornwell.

Before Christmas came, Mr. and Mrs. Ditcher had paid a flying visit to London. Amoret, whose letters had been following her all about the Continent, had only recently heard the news of Charlie's death. She shed many tears over it, and Mr. Jethro was more struck than ever with her warmth and sensibility. Blanche had quite left off shedding tears by that time, and if he thought her cold, he must be forgiven. The bride and bridegroom had arranged to spend the winter in Egypt. Amoret said she really could not face an interview with Walter at present. She knew it would upset her so dreadfully, and appealed to Mr. Ditcher, who of course endorsed everything she

said. Blanche was to be left alone again in Wellington Place. With Lady Pickering close by, she assured Amoret she would be perfectly happy and comfortable. So Mr. Ditcher and his bride started in November for a trip up the Nile, which he carried out, as he did everything else, in princely fashion.

Before Christmas came, too, Lady Grizel was gone, reiterating in her last moments the statement she had made in the summer. Mr. Hooker latterly went to read and pray with her every day—a great comfort to Dot. The death itself was a peaceful one, and with far more of hope and tenderness about it than her life would have allowed her friends to anticipate.

CHAPTER XIII.

"She is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.
And then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light."

Hartley Coleridge.

CHRISTMAS EVE came round, and found Walter on a visit at his old home. Things were very little changed. Sir John looked older, and both he and Dot had a softness and refinement in their faces which had never been there before. It was touching to see how they clung to one another. Mademoiselle was, however, still in attendance, but spent a good deal of time in the

housekeeper's room. Walter felt ashamed of himself for having such a sense of relief at poor Lady Grizel's absence. Nobody's temper seemed ruffled now as it used to be; even the servants looked more placid than formerly; and Dot spoke out, and sensibly, too, in a way she had never done of old.

Christmas Eve had been a quiet, happy day. Walter had accompanied Sir John and Dot for a long walk in the park, where the tall, yellow plumes of bracken brushed against them on either side of the narrow pathway, and formed a rich contrast to the sober but not cruel, wintry sky. It seemed odd to Walter to look on the soil he trod and the trees that surrounded him as no longer having any special claim upon him; and to think of Dot, as she walked in front of him in her plain, dark woollen dress and black straw hat, as the future mistress of it all. Any one more unlike the typical heiress in a novel could not be imagined.

She had something of that absence of elegance and style which had always characterized Charlie, and which is much more common among people of good old family than among the "would-be genteel" classes.

"She is not so very plain," Walter thought, "if she only knew how to put her things on. Dear old Dot, I am not sure whether you are not all the dearer for not knowing how to make the most of yourself."

"My little woman," said Sir John, turning round—this appellation had of late quite driven out "Mother Bunch,"—"My little woman, now we are so near Hewson's, I think I shall go in and have a word with him about building those two new cottages. You quite agree with me, don't you, in thinking that it would be better to lay out a few pounds more, and have boarded floors instead of asphalte?"

"Oh, yes, dear papa, I never did like asphalte floors. Martha was telling me

about hers the other day. They are so cold and dirty and miserable." Dot continued, "And about the kitchen fireplaces. Did you tell him?"

"Yes. Oh, you needn't trouble about that. He'll attend to them. He quite understands. Now" (to Walter), "you can take care of her home, and I'll be with you long before dinner-time. Perhaps Hewson will give me a lift in his gig."

"Good-bye, then," said Dot, kissing her hand to him. "And now, Walter, we can go home this way or by the road, whichever you like."

"I like this best," said Walter, "I always used to be so proud of these old oak-trees," he added, as they went on.

"Oh, Walter, I wish they were all yours!"

"You needn't wish that. Why, Dot, you will be a first-rate little Lady Bountiful; you will do all the things I always thought I should do, and I feel now con-

vinced I never should have done if it had come to the point."

"Can't you tell me anything in particular?" said Dot, looking at him with a sweet gravity that was almost too much for him.

"Dot, I've often thought I should like to tell you about that last ride I had with —our dear brother. I don't know whether I can, but if you like I will try. He was so anxious this property, which had been so much increased from Church revenues, should do something more for religion than it has ever done yet." And Walter went on and gave her an account of all that had passed on that last sad afternoon. "There, Dot," he said, at last, as they both found themselves leaning against one of the park gates, utterly unconscious of how they had got thither; "there, Dot, I've done now. It has cost me a great deal to tell you, but I feel the better for it. You see I was not

good enough to do the work; and he was too good, too good for this world altogether; and so, now it has come to you, you won't shirk it, will you?"

Dot stood for a few moments, picking the dead oak leaves, and crumbling them into fragments.

"Dot," said Walter, taking her hand with a tender earnestness, very unusual from him, "what do you really think is your duty in this matter?"

"Oh, Walter, you mustn't make me cry! Of course, I'd do anything I could. I never did care about money—except the five shillings you gave me when we were both children, and then it was because you gave it me. It isn't the money I care about, but how can I put papa in the wrong? Don't you see everything I did would be as much as to say he'd been going on wrong all these years?"

"I don't think so, really, Dot; and I

don't want you to be in a hurry, or to distress him or yourself, but only to bear it in mind. The time may come."

"I know, I know. Don't talk of that."

"The time may come, I was going to say, when your father may give you the opportunity of making suggestions to him about these matters. Why, if you asked him to build cottages for the work-people, he'd do it directly, and—surely for your clergyman!"

"Oh, yes, Walter, you needn't try to persuade me. I'm quite persuaded. But, by and by, when papa's mind is a little quieted after all these troubles, you must tell me how to set about making improvements, and I'll have a talk with him. It's just because he would do anything to please me, I'm so shy to ask him."

"Well, only remember that it was a kind of dying request from—! You'll tell him

all I've told you?" said Walter, heaving a deep, weary sigh.

Dot acquiesced. "But, Walter," she said, "you are very unhappy about something. Can't you tell me?"

"Oh, Dot, can't you guess? Something, or somebody?"

"I thought so. Lina?"

"Is it any good my being unhappy?"

"I don't see why you should be unhappy. I think she cares for no one else."

"Bless you, darling old Dot! but doesn't she think me—oh! I know what she must think me only too well!"

"We don't think badly of you, and I don't suppose *she* does," said Dot warmly.

"Would you advise me to say anything? It would be kill or cure, you know."

"Yes, dear Walter, indeed I should," said Dot; "don't look on the black side. It would be better for you both to have it out."

"Does she ever say anything to you

about me?" said Walter. They were by this time inside the house.

"You old conceited fellow!" said Dot, turning round, with one hand on the balustrade of the great staircase, and looking down on him with a kindly laugh, "Do you suppose I'm going to tell you what Lina and I say to one another when we're by ourselves?"

"You're quite right, Dot," said Walter, seeming really crestfallen. "If Lina knocks the rest of the conceit out of me, I suppose it will be all for my good."

"Well, I don't know. But I'm sure I'd advise you to try," said Dot, almost entreatingly, as she disappeared.

"Was there ever such an unselfish angel as that girl?" said Walter to himself, as he ascended the stairs to his bedroom—his own old room. He sat there for some time ruminating, till the chill twilight came on, and he thought he would go downstairs

again. The great fire blazed in the hall, and seemed to invite him to come and warm himself beside it. As he drew near he saw two figures standing beneath the old carved chimney-piece—and a voice that made him feel hot and cold all over, was saying to Dot, "Yes, I think we shall manage pretty well with the Christmas hymn, only we have no tenor."

"Why, that's just what Walter could do," said Dot, beckoning to him. "Walter, you haven't seen Lina yet."

They shook hands. "We were talking about the Christmas hymn. You remember the tenor of it, don't you? You used always to sing it."

Walter said he thought, perhaps, he could manage it. At all events he would try. Lina thanked him in tones of the utmost decorum for his help.

"Walter, do make Lina sit down and get thoroughly warm. I want her, please,

to be so very good as to leave a copy of the 'Pathway of Safety' with old Bennett as she goes home, if she will spare me five minutes to put it into a brown paper cover." And Dot was half-way upstairs before they could answer.

"Won't you take this arm-chair?" said Walter, very gravely, to Lina.

"Oh, thank you, it's a great deal too comfortable. I am so sorry," said Lina, as she screened her face with the sheet of music, on which her eyes were fixed, "I'm afraid I have spoilt your chat with Dot."

"Oh, no; we had a good long talk this morning," said Walter, who was kneeling on the hearthrug, and throwing little chips and stray holly leaves on to the crackling fire. "What a darling she is!"

"Yes," said Lina, thinking this was, at all events, not quite a lover-like way of speaking. "I don't think there is any one to come up to her in the world."

"I do! One person," said Walter, and his hand found its way to Lina's hand. "May I say so?"

"Oh, how we have gone on misunderstanding one another!" said Lina, almost choking with the sudden revulsion.

"You don't think I could really care for any one but you! Oh, Lina, but you have so much to forgive! *Can* you forgive me?"

"I had no right to be angry. I had told you once I didn't care for you!"

"And you *do* care now?"

"Yes, I think so. It was that in my heart all the time that made me so hard to poor dear Charlie. Oh, Walter, that dreadful time almost killed me!"

"My own precious one, you don't mean to say there really was anything of *that* kind? I supposed it was only my jealous fancy. Poor Charlie! but one must not call *him* poor! And I—what a brute I was!

But I never knew *how* cruel my words had been. Heaven forgive me!"

For a moment they were both silent.

"How like that is to him!" said Lina softly, looking up at the marble bust.

"Ay! if you had seen him as I did, lying on this very couch, with his white, still face, you would have said so. How beautiful he did look!"

"What a night it must have been!"

"Yes! if any one had told me then I could be as happy as I am at this moment, I should never have believed them. My own, own angel, what *have* I done to deserve you?"

"Here is Dot," said Lina; "shall we tell her?"

"*You* tell her. Dot, dear old Dot, Lina has something to say to you."

"I think I can guess what," said Dot, and Lina threw her arms round her, and did not say a word.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I seem to lie
So near the heavenly portals bright,
I catch the streaming rays that fly
From Eternity's own light."

Sarah Martin.

THIS chapter is merely to be a brief and dry summing-up of facts. Walter and Lina were in due time happily married, and settled in London, where they may still be seen, and are beginning to have a flourishing family around them. Mr. and Miss Hooker go on living at the parsonage, to which a new study has lately been added, fitted up in a style suitable to Mr. Hooker's improved circumstances. Dot is the queen of Thornwell, for Sir John pets and indulges her in a way that would ruin

any character save such an utterly unselfish and simple one as her own. She has had two or three very good offers, but says she never means to marry. Some day she intends to have a Home for Incurables at Thornwell, and invite Miss Carew to come and help manage it. But as she is not yet five and twenty, Mr. Hooker treats this project rather scoffingly, and even Miss Hooker shakes her head, and says Dot does not the least know what she is talking of.

Dear Blanche Carew herself only smiles, and says nothing. Dot will have to make haste if she wants her advice or concurrence. Since Walter's marriage, she has lived with him and Lina, and it is their one trouble to see how fast she is fading. Lina hopes their little Charlie will, in after-years, be just able to remember the lady with the kind eyes and soft voice who used to let him play by her sofa, but the baby will

hardly recollect her! How few of us *do* know some of those whose prayers were the warmest, and whose love was the tenderest over us in our cradles! And yet those two children have been, at least, as useful to Blanche as she has been to them!

Even Amoret sees now that her sister will not be here much longer, and feels it as deeply as she is capable of feeling anything. She and her husband have been abroad almost ever since their marriage. You may have met them at Ober-Ammergau; and, if you met them, you could not fail to have noticed them. I believe they penetrated as far as Moscow, at the time of the royal wedding, and the chances are they will turn up at Saratoga in the course of this season. The American ladies all think Mrs. Ditcher the very youngest woman of her age they ever saw, and "Uncle Jethro" considers himself, with reason, a happy man.

Alcott (Louisa M.) Little Women. 2 vols., 2*s.* 6*d.* each. (Rose Library, 2 vols. 1*s.* each.)

——— **Old Fashioned Girl,** best edition, small post 8vo. cloth extra, gilt edges, 2*s.* 6*d.* (Rose Library, 1*s.*)

——— **Work. A Story of Experience.** New Edition. In One volume, small post 8vo., cloth extra. 6*s.* Several Illustrations. Also, Rose Library, "Work," Part I. 1*s.*

——— **Beginning Again.** A Sequel to "Work." 1*s.*

——— **Shawl Straps.** Small post 8vo. Cl. extra, gilt, 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Eight Cousins, or the Aunt Hill.** Small post 8vo. with illustrations. 5*s.* [*Ready.*

"Miss Alcott's stories are thoroughly healthy, full of racy fun and humour . . . exceedingly entertaining . . . . We can recommend the 'Eight Cousins.'"—*Athenæum.*

Alexander (Sir James E.) Bush Fighting. Illustrated by Remarkable Actions and Incidents of the Maori War. With a Map, Plans, and Woodcuts. 1 vol. demy 8vo. pp. 328, cloth extra, 16*s.*

Alexander (W. D. S.) The Lonely Guiding Star. A Legend of the Pyrenean Mountains and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 5*s.*

Amphlett (John). Under a Tropical Sky: a Holiday Trip to the West Indies. Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Warnton Kings.** Crown 8vo. cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Andersen (Hans Christian). Fairy Tales, with Illustrations in Colours by E. V. B. Royal 4to. cloth. 1*l.* 5*s.*

Andrews (Dr.) Latin-English Lexicon. 13th edition. Royal 8vo. pp. 1,670, cloth extra. Price 18*s.*

"The best Latin Dictionary, whether for the scholar or advanced student."—*Spectator.*

"Every page bears the impress of industry and care."—*Athenæum.*

Anecdotes of the Queen and Royal Family, collected and edited by J. G. Hodgins, with Illustrations. New edition, revised by John Timbs. 5*s.*

Anglo-Scottish Year Book, The, for 1875. By Robert Kempt. Fcap. 8vo. 1*s.*

Arctic Regions (The). Illustrated. *See* **Bradford.**

——— **German Polar Expedition.** *See* **Koldewey.**

——— **Explorations.** *See* **Markham.**

Art, Pictorial and Industrial. New Series, vols. 1 to 3, 18*s.* each. In numbers, 1*s.* each.

Assollant (A.) The Fantastic History of the Celebrated Pierrot. Written by the Magician ALCOFRIBAS, and translated from the Sogdien by ALFRED ASSOLLANT, with upwards of One Hundred humorous Illustrations by Yan' Dargent. Square crown 8vo., cloth extra, gilt edges, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Atmosphere (The). *See* **Flammarion.**

Auerbach (Berthold). Waldfried. Translated from the German. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Australian Tales, by the "Old Boomerang." Post 8vo. 5*s.*

"B" an Autobiography. By FENTON. 3 vols. 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

BACK-LOG Studies. *See* **Warner.**

Backward Glances. Edited by the Author of "Episodes in an Obscure Life." Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 5*s.*

Bancroft's History of America. Library edition, vols. 1 to 10, 8vo. 6*l.*

Barnes's (Rev. A.) Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity in the 19th Century. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Barrington (Hon. and Rev. L. J.) From Ur to Macpelah; the Story of Abraham. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5*s.*

Barton (J. A. G.) Shunkur. A tale of the Indian Mutiny. Crown 8vo., cloth. 5*s.*

Bryant (W. C., assisted by S. H. Gay.) A Popular History of the United States. About 4 vols., to be profusely Illustrated with numerous Engravings on Steel and Wood, after designs by the best Artists. [*Vol. I. now in the Press.*

THE BAYARD SERIES.

Comprising Pleasure Books of Literature produced in the Choicest Style as Companionable Volumes at Home and Abroad.

"We can hardly imagine better books for boys to read or for men to ponder over."—*Times.*

Price 2s. 6d. each Volume, complete in itself, printed at the Chiswick Press, bound by Burn, flexible cloth extra, gilt leaves, with silk Headbands and Registers.

The Story of the Chevalier Bayard. By M. DE BERVILLE.

De Joinville's St. Louis, King of France.

The Essays of Abraham Cowley, including all his Prose Works.

Abdallah; or, the Four Leaves. By EDOUARD LABOULLAYE.

Table-Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte.

Vathek: An Oriental Romance. By WILLIAM BECKFORD.

The King and the Commons: a Selection of Cavalier and Puritan Song. Edited by Prof. MORLEY.

Words of Wellington: Maxims and Opinions of the Great Duke.

Dr. Johnson's Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. With Notes.

Hazlitt's Round Table. With Biographical Introduction.

The Religio Medici, Hydriotaphia, and the Letter to a Friend. By Sir THOMAS BROWNE, Knt.

Ballad Poetry of the Affections. By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Coleridge's Christabel, and other Imaginative Poems. With Preface by ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

Lord Chesterfield's Letters, Sentences and Maxims. With Introduction by the Editor, and Essay on Chesterfield by M. De Ste.-Beuve, of the French Academy.

Essays in Mosaic. By THOS. BALLANTYNE.

My Uncle Toby; his Story and his Friends. Edited by P. FITZGERALD.

Reflections; or, Moral Sentences and Maxims of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld.

Socrates, Memoirs for English Readers from Xenophon's Memorabilia. By EDW. LEVIEN.

Prince Albert's Golden Precepts.

"We can hardly imagine better books for boys to read or for men to ponder over."—*Times.*

The New Volumes in the Bayard Series in preparation are:—

Swift's Lighter Miscellanies. Curious and quaint. [*Preparing.*

Walpole's Reminiscenses and Ana. [*Preparing.*

A suitable Case containing 12 volumes, price 31s. 6d.; or the Case separate, price 3s. 6d.

Beauty and the Beast. An Old Tale retold, with Pictures. By E. V. B. Demy 4to. cloth extra, novel binding. 10 Illustrations in Colours (in same style as those in the First Edition of "Story Without an End"). 12*s.* 6*d.*

Beecher (Henry Ward, D. D.) Life Thoughts. 12mo. 2*s.*6*d.*

Beecher (Dr. Lyman) Life and Correspondence of. 2 vols. post 8vo. *1l. 1s.*

Bees and Beekeeping. By the Times' Beemaster. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. New Edition, with additions. *2s. 6d.*

Bell (Rev. C. D.) Faith in Earnest. 18mo. *1s. 6d.*

——— Blanche Nevile. Fcap. 8vo. *6s.*

Better than Gold. By Mrs. ARNOLD, Author of "His by Right," &c. In 3 volumes, crown 8vo., *31s. 6d.*

Benedict (F. L.) Miss Dorothy's Charge. 3 vols. *31s. 6d.*

Beumer's German Copybooks. In six gradations at *4d.* each.

Bickersteth's Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer.

The following Editions are now ready:—

		s.	*d*
No. 1. A	Small-type Edition, medium 32mo. cloth limp	0	6
No. 1. B	ditto roan limp, red edges ..	1	0
No. 1. C	ditto morocco limp, gilt edges ..	2	0
No. 2.	Second-size type, super-royal 32mo. cloth limp ..	1	0
No. 2. A	ditto roan limp, red edges ..	2	0
No. 2. B	ditto morocco limp, gilt edges ..	3	0
No. 3.	Large-type Edition, crown 8vo. cloth, red edges ..	2	6
No. 3. A	ditto roan limp, red edges ..	3	
No. 3. B	ditto morocco limp, gilt edges ..		
No. 4.	Large-type Edition, crown 8vo. with Introduction and Notes, cloth, red edges	3	6
No. 4. A	ditto roan limp, red edges ..	4	6
No. 4. B	ditto morocco, gilt edges ..	6	6
No. 5.	Crown 8vo. with accompanying Tunes to every Hymn, New Edition	3	0
No. 5. A	ditto with Chants	4	0
No. 5. B	The Chants separately	1	6
No. 5. C	Large Edition. Tunes and Chants.	7	
No. 6.	Penny Edition.		

Fcap. 4to. Organists' edition. Cloth, *7s. 6d.*

The Church Mission Hymn Book has been recently issued: it contains 120 Hymns for Special Missions and Schoolroom Services, selected, with a few additions, from the Hymnal Companion. Price *8s. 4d.* per 100, or *1½d.* each.

**** A liberal allowance is made to Clergymen introducing the Hymnal.*

An 8 pp. prospectus sent post free on application.

☞ THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, bound with THE HYMNAL COMPANION. 32mo. cloth, *9d.* And in various superior bindings.

The Hymnal Companion is also sold, strongly bound with a Sunday School Liturgy, in two sizes, price *4d.* and *8d.*

Bickersteth (Rev. E. H., M.A.) The Reef, and other Parables. One Volume square 8vo., with numerous very beautiful Engravings, uniform in character with the Illustrated Edition of Heber's Hymns, &c., price 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— **The Master's Home-Call; Or, Brief Memorials of Alice Frances Bickersteth.** 3rd Edition. 32mo. cloth gilt. 1*s.*

"They recall in a touching manner a character of which the religious beauty has a warmth and grace almost too tender to be definite."—*The Guardian.*

——— **The Shadow of the Rock. A Selection of Religious Poetry.** 18mo. Cloth extra. 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— **The Clergyman in his Home.** Small Post 8vo. 1*s.*

——— **The Shadowed Home and the Light Beyond.** By the Rev. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 5*s.*

Bida, The Authorized Version of the Four Gospels. With the whole of the magnificent etchings on steel, after the drawings by M. Bida.

The Gospels of St. Matthew, St. John, and St. Mark, appropriately bound in cloth extra, price £3 3*s.* each, are now ready. (St. Luke in preparation.)

"Bida's Illustrations of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John have already received here and elsewhere a full recognition of their great merits. To these is now added the Gospel of St. Mark, which is in every respect a fitting pendant to its predecessors. By next season we are promised the complete series."—*Times.*

Bidwell (C. T.) The Balearic Isles. Illustrations and a Map. [*Shortly.*

Bits of Talk about Home Matters. By H. H. Fcap. 8vo. cloth gilt edges. 3*s.*

Black (Wm.) Three Feathers. 3 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.*

——— ——— ——— Small post 8vo. cloth extra. 6*s.* Sixth Edition.

——— **Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, and other Stories.** 1 vol. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Kilmeny: a Novel.** Small Post 8vo. cloth. 6*s.*

——— **In Silk Attire.** 3rd and cheaper edition, small post 8vo. 6*s.*

"A work which deserves a hearty welcome for its skill and power in delineation of character."—*Saturday Review.*

——— **A Daughter of Heth.** 11th and cheaper edition, crown 8vo., cloth extra. 6*s.* With Frontispiece by F. Walker, A.R.A.

"If humour, sweetness, and pathos, and a story told with simplicity and vigour, ought to insure success, 'A Daughter of Heth' is of the kind to deserve it."—*Saturday Review.*

Black (C. B.) New Continental Route Guides.

—— **Guide to the North of France,** including Normandy, Brittany, Touraine, Picardy, Champagne, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, and the Valley of the Loire; Belgium and Holland; the Valley of the Rhine to Switzerland; and the South-West of Germany, to Italy by the Brenner Pass. Illustrated with numerous Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo., cloth limp. 9*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Guide to Normandy and Brittany,** their Celtic Monuments, Ancient Churches, and Pleasant Watering-Places. Illustrated with Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo., cloth limp, 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Guide to Belgium and Holland, the North-East of France,** including Picardy, Champagne, Burgundy, Lorraine, and Alsace; the Valley of the Rhine, to Switzerland; and the South-West of Germany, to Italy, by the Brenner Pass, with Description of Vienna. Illustrated with Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo., cloth limp, 5*s.*

—— **Paris, and Excursions from Paris.** Illustrated with numerous Maps, Plans, and Views. Small post 8vo., cloth limp, price 3*s.*

—— **Guide to the South of France and to the North of Italy:** including the Pyrenees and their Watering-Places; the Health Resorts on the Mediterranean from Perpignan to Genoa; and the towns of Turin, Milan, and Venice. Illustrated with Maps and Plans. Small post 8vo., cloth limp, 5*s.*

—— **Switzerland and the Italian Lakes.** Small post 8vo. price 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Guide to France, Corsica, Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, the Moselle, the South-West of Germany, and the North of Italy.** With numerous Maps and Plans. Complete in One Volume. Limp cloth, price 15*s.*

—— **Railway and Road Map of Switzerland, West Tyrol, and the Italian Lake Country.** Boards, price 1*s.*

Blackburn (H.) Art in the Mountains: the Story of the Passion Play, with upwards of Fifty Illustrations. 8vo. 12*s.*

—— **Artists and Arabs.** With numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Harz Mountains: a Tour in the Toy Country.** With numerous Illustrations. 12*s.*

—— **Normandy Picturesque.** Numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 16*s.*

—— **Travelling in Spain.** With numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 16*s.*

—— **Travelling in Spain.** Guide Book Edition. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— **The Pyrenees.** Summer Life at French Watering-Places. 100 Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ. Royal 8vo. 18*s.*

Blackmore (R. D.) Lorna Doone. New edition. Crown, 8vo. 6*s*.

"The reader at times holds his breath, so graphically yet so simply does John Ridd tell his tale."—*Saturday Review.*

——— **Alice Lorraine.** 3 vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

——— ——— ——— 1 vol. small post 8vo. 6*s.* Sixth Edition.

——— **Cradock Nowell.** New Edition. 6*s.*

——— **Clara Vaughan.** Revised edition. 6*s.*

——— **Georgics of Virgil.** Small 4to. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Blackwell (E.) Laws of Life. New edition. Fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Boardman's Higher Christian Life. Fcp. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Bombaugh (C. C.) Gleanings for the Curious from the Harvest Fields of Literature. 8vo. cloth, 12*s.*

Bonwick (J.) Last of the Tasmanians. 8vo. 16*s.*

——— **Daily Life of the Tasmanians.** 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Curious Facts of Old Colonial Days.** 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Book of Common Prayer with the Hymnal Companion. 32mo. cloth. 9*d.* And in various bindings.

Books suitable for School Prizes and Presents. (Fuller description of each book will be found in the alphabet.)

Adventures of a Young Naturalist. 7*s.* 6*d.*
——— **on Great Hunting Grounds.** 5*s.*
Allcott's Aunt Jo's Scrap-bag. 3*s.* 6*d.*
——— **Cupid and Chow Chow.** 3*s.* 6*d.*
——— **Old Fashioned Girl.** 3*s.* 6*d.*
——— **Little Women.** 3*s.* 6*d.*
——— **Little Men.** 3*s.* 6*d.*
——— **Shawl Straps.** 3*s.* 6*d.*
——— **Eight Cousins.** 5*s.*
Anecdotes of the Queen. 5*s.*
Atmosphere (The). By FLAMMARION. 30*s.*
Backward Glances. 5*s.*
Bayard Series (*See* Bayard.)
Bickersteth (Rev. E. H.) Shadow of the Rock. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Bida's Gospels. (*See* Bida.)
Black (Wm.) Novels. (*See* Black.)
Blackmore (R. D.) Novels. (*See* Blackmore.)

Books for School Prizes and Presents, *continued*—

Burritt's Ten Minutes Talk on all sorts of Topics. Sm. 8vo. 6*s.*
Butler's Great Lone Land. 7*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Wild North Land.** 7*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Akim-foo.** 7*s.* 6*d.*
Changed Cross (The). 2*s.* 6*d.*
Child's Play. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Choice Editions of Choice Books. (*See* Choice Editions.)
Christ in Song. 5*s.*
Craik (Mrs.) Adventures of a Brownie. 5*s.*
Dana's Corals and Coral Islands. 21*s.* Cheaper Edition. 8*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Two Years before the Mast.** 6*s.*
Davies's Pilgrimage of the Tiber. 18*s.*
—— **A Fine Old English Gentleman.** 6*s.*
D'Avillier's Spain. Illustrated by Doré. £3 3*s.*
Erkmann-Chatrian's The Forest House. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Faith Gartney. 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth; boards, 1*s.* 6*d.*
Favell Children (The). 4*s.*
Fogg's Arabistan. 14*s.*
Forbes (J. G.) Africa: Geographical Exploration and Christian Enterprise. Crown 8vo. cloth. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Franc's Emily's Choice. 5*s.*
—— **John's Wife.** 4*s.*
—— **Marian.** 5*s.*
—— **Silken Cord.** 5*s.*
—— **Vermont Vale.** 5*s.*
—— **Minnie's Mission.** 4*s.*
Friswell (Laura) The Gingerbread Maiden. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Gayworthys (The). 3*s.* 6*d.*
Gentle Life Series. (*See* Alphabet).
Getting on in the World. 6*s.*
Glover's Light of the Word. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Hans Brinker. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Healy (Miss) The Home Theatre. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Holland (Dr.) Mistress of the Manse. 2*s.* 6*d.*
House on Wheels. By Madame STOLZ. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Hugo's Toilers of the Sea. 10*s.* 6*d.*
" " " 6*s.*
Kingston's Ben Burton. 3*s.* 6*d.*
King's Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada. 6*s.*
Low's Edition of American Authors. 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* each. Vols. published. *See* Alphabet under Low.
Lyra Sacra Americana. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Macgregor (John) Rob Roy Books. (*See* Alphabet.)

Books for School Prizes and Presents, *continued*—

Maury's Physical Geography of the Sea. 6*s.*
Phelps (Miss) The Silent Partner. 5*s.*
Picture Gallery British Art. 18*s.*
Picture Gallery Sacred Art. 12*s.*
Read's Leaves from a Sketch Book. 25*s.* (*See* Read.
Reynard the Fox. 100 Exquisite Illustrations. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Sea-Gull Rock. 79 Beautiful Woodcuts. 7*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*
Stanley's How I Found Livingstone. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Stowe (Mrs.) Pink and White Tyranny. 3*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Dred.** 1*s.*
—— **Old Town Folks.** Cloth extra 6*s.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Minister's Wooing.** 5*s.*; boards, 1*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Pearl of Orr's Island.** 5*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.*
—— **My Wife and I.** 6*s.*
Tauchnitz's German Authors. *See* **Tauchnitz.**
Tayler (C. B.) Sacred Records. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Thompson's Old English Homes. 2*l.* 2*s.* (*See* Thompson.
Titcomb's Letters to Young People. 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.*
Under the Blue Sky. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Verne's Books. (*See* Verne.)
Whitney's (Mrs.) Books. *See* **Alphabet.**
Wilson's Rambles in Northern India. 1*l.* 1*s.* (*See* **Wilson.**)

Bowles (T. G.) The Defence of Paris, narrated as it was seen. 8vo. 14*s.*

Bowker (G.) St. Mark's Gospel. With Explanatory Notes. For the Use of Schools and Colleges. By George Bowker, late Second Master of the Newport Grammar School, Isle of Wight. 1 vol. foolscap, cloth.

Bradford (Wm.) The Arctic Regions. Illustrated with Photographs, taken on an Art Expedition to Greenland. With Descriptive Narrative by the Artist. In One Volume, royal broadside, 25 inches by 20, beautifully bound in morocco extra, price Twenty-five Guineas.

Bremer (Fredrika) Life, Letters, and Posthumous Works. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Brett (E.) Notes on Yachts. Fcp. 6*s.*

Bristed (C. A.) Five Years in an English University. Fourth Edition, Revised and Amended by the Author. Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Broke (Admiral Sir B. V. P., Bart., K.C.B.) Biography of. 1*l.*

Brothers Rantzau. *See* **Erckmann-Chatrian.**

Brown (Colin Rae). Edith Dewar. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Browning (Mrs. E. B.) The Rhyme of the Duchess May. Demy 4to. Illustrated with Eight Photographs, after Drawings by Charlotte M. B. Morrell. 21*s.*

Burritt (E.) The Black Country and its Green Border Land. Second edition. Post 8vo. 6*s.*

——— **Lectures and Speeches.** Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 6*s.*

——— **Ten-Minutes Talk on all sorts of Topics.** With Autobiography of the Author. Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 6*s.*

Burton (Captain R. F.) Two Trips to Gorilla Land and the Cataracts of the Congo. By Captain R. F. BURTON. 2 vols., demy 8vo., with numerous Illustrations and Map, cloth extra 28*s.*

Bushnell's (Dr.) The Vicarious Sacrifice. Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Sermons on Living Subjects.** Crown 8vo. cloth. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Nature and the Supernatural.** Post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Christian Nurture.** 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Character of Jesus.** 6*d.*

——— **The New Life.** Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Butler (W. F.) The Great Lone Land; an Account of the Red River Expedition, 1869-1870, and Subsequent Travels and Adventures in the Manitoba Country, and a Winter Journey across the Saskatchewan Valley to the Rocky Mountains. With Illustrations and Map. Fifth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. cloth extra. 7*s.* 6*d.* (The first 3 Editions were in 8vo. cloth. 16*s.*),

——— **The Wild North Land: the Story of a Winter** Journey with Dogs across Northern North America. Demy 8vo. cloth, with numerous Woodcuts and a Map. Fourth Edition. 18*s.* (*See also* Low's Library of Travel.)

——— **Akim-foo: the History of a Failure.** Demy 8vo. cloth. 16*s.* Second Edition. Also in a Third and Cheaper edition. 7*s.* 6*d.*

CADOGAN (Lady A.) Illustrated Games of Patience. By the LADY ADELAIDE CADOGAN. Twenty-four Diagrams in Colours, with Descriptive Text. Foolscap 4to., cloth extra, gilt edges, 12*s.* 6*d.* Second Edition.

Cahun (Leon). Adventures of Captain Magon. *See* Adventures.

California. *See* Nordhoff.

Carlisle (Thos.) The Unprofessional Vagabond. Fcap. 8vo. Fancy boards. 1*s.*

Case of Mr. Lucraft, and other Stories. By the author of "Ready-Money Mortiboy." 3 vols. crown. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Ceramic Art. *See* Jacquemart.

Changed Cross (The) and other Religious Poems. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Chefs-d'œuvre of Art and Master-pieces of Engraving, selected from the celebrated Collection of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. Reproduced in Photography by STEPHEN THOMPSON. Imperial folio, Thirty-eight Photographs, cloth gilt. 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*

Child's Play, with 16 coloured drawings by E. V. B. An entirely new edition, printed on thick paper, with tints, 7*s.* 6d.

China. *See* **Illustrations of.**

Choice Editions of Choice Books. 2*s.* 6*d.* each. Illustrated by C. W. COPE, R.A., T. CRESWICK, R.A., E. DUNCAN, BIRKET FOSTER, J. C. HORSLEY, A.R.A., G. HICKS, R. REDGRAVE, R.A., C. STONEHOUSE, F. TAYLER, G. THOMAS, H. J. TOWNSHEND, E. H. WEHNERT, HARRISON WEIR, &c.

Blomfield's Farmer's Boy.
Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.
Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.
Goldsmith's Deserted Village.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
Gray's Elegy in a Churchyard.
Keat's Eve of St. Agnes.
Milton's L'Allegro.
Poetry of Nature. Harrison Weir.
Rogers' (Samuel) Pleasures of Memory.
Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets.
Tennyson's May Queen.
Elizabethan Poets.
Wordsworth's Pastoral Poems.

[*All now ready.*

"Such works are a glorious beatification for a poet."—*Athenæum.*

N.B.—This is not a mere reduction in price of the 5*s.* volumes, it is an entire *Reprint from Type specially cast for the purpose,* including also the whole of the beautiful Woodcuts. Each volume is complete in itself, and will be sold separately. Small post 8vo., printed on the finest cream white paper and choicely bound, cloth extra. 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

Christ in Song. Hymns of Immanuel, selected from all Ages, with Notes. By PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. Crown 8vo. toned paper, beautifully printed at the Chiswick Press. With Initial Letters and Ornaments and handsomely bound. New Edition. 5*s.*

Christabel. *See* **Bayard Series.**

Christmas Presents. *See* **Illustrated Books.**

Chronicles of the Castle of Amelroy. 4to. With Photographic Illustrations. 2*l.* 2*s.*

Chronicles of Sir Harry Earlsleigh, Bart. A Novel. 3 vols., crown 8vo. 31*s.*

Clara Vaughan. *See* **Blackmore.**

Clark (R. W.) The Work of God in Great Britain under Messrs. Moody and Sankey. 1873 to 1875. With Portraits, and with Biographical Sketches by RUFUS W. CLARK, D.D. Second edition, over 300 pages. 2*s.*, cloth cover.

Coffin (G. C.) Our New Way Round the World. 8vo. 12*s.*

Conquered at Last; from Records of Dhu Hall and its Inmates; A Novel. 3 vols. Crown; cloth. 31*s* 6*d.*

Constantia. By the Author of "One Only." 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21*s.*

Cook (D.) Young Mr. Nightingale. A Novel. 3 vols. Crown 8vo., cloth. 31*s.* 6*d.*

——— **The Banns of Marriage.** 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21*s.*

Courtship and a Campaign; a Story of the Milanese Volunteers of 1866, under Garibaldi. By M. DALIN. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 21*s.*

Cradock Nowell. *See* **Blackmore.**

Craik (Mrs.) The Adventures of a Brownie, by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." With numerous Illustrations by Miss PATERSON. Square cloth, extra gilt edges. 5*s.*

A Capital Book for a School Prize for Children from Seven to Fourteen.

Craik (Miss G.) Without Kith or Kin. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Hero Trevelyan.** 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 21*s.*

Cumming (Miss C. F. G.) From the Hebrides to the Himalayas; Eighteen Month's Wanderings in Western Isles and Eastern Highlands. By Miss CONSTANCE F. GORDON CUMMING, with very numerous Full-page and other Woodcut Illustrations, from the Author's own Drawings. 2 vols., medium 8vo., cloth extra. 42*s.*

Cummins (Maria S.) Haunted Hearts (Low's Copyright Series). 16mo. boards. 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*

Curley (E. A.) Nebraska; its Advantages, Resources, and Drawbacks. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo., cloth extra. 12*s.* 6*d.*

DANA (R. H.) Two Years before the Mast and Twenty-four years After. New Edition, with Notes and Revisions. 12mo. 6*s.*

Dana (Jas. D.) Corals and Coral Islands. Numerous Illustrations, charts, &c. New and Cheaper Edition, with numerous important Additions and Corrections. Crown 8vo. cloth extra. 8*s.* 6*d.*

"Professed geologists and zoologists, as well as general readers, will find Professor Dana's book in every way worthy of their attention." —*The Athenæum.*

Daughter (A) of Heth, by WM. BLACK. Thirteenth and Cheaper edition. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6*s.*

Davies (Wm.) The Pilgrimage of the Tiber, from its Mouth to its Source; with some account of its Tributaries. 8vo., with many very fine Woodcuts and a Map, cloth extra. Second Edition. 18*s.*

——— **A Fine Old English Gentleman,** Exemplified in the Life and Character of Lord Collingwood: a Biographical Study. By WILLIAM DAVIES, Author of "The Pilgrimage of the Tiber," &c. 1 vol. crown 8vo., cloth extra. 6*s.* [*Ready.*

N.B.—This little volume is enriched by a very fine Portrait, engraved by C. H. Jeens, after a mezzotint by Charles Turner from a painting in the possession of Lady Collingwood in 1811.

*** A few Engraver's proofs of the Portrait printed on large paper, suitable for the portfolio or for framing. 5*s.*

De Witt (Madame Guizot). An Only Sister. Vol. V. of the "John Halifax" Series of Girls' Books. With Six Illustrations. Small post 8vo. cloth. 4*s.*

Dodge (Mrs. M.) *See* **Hans Brinker.**

Doré's Spain. *See* **Spain.**

Dougall's (J. D.) Shooting; its Appliances, Practice, and Purpose. *See* **Shooting.**

Duer's Marine Insurance. 2 vols. 3*l.* 3*s.*

Duplessis (G.) Wonders of Engraving. With numerous Illustrations and Photographs. 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*

ECHOES of the Heart. *See* **Moody.**

English Catalogue of Books (The). Published during 1863 to 1871 inclusive, comprising also the Important American Publications.

This Volume, occupying over 450 Pages, shows the Titles of 32,000 New Books and New Editions issued during Nine Years, with the Size, Price, and Publisher's Name, the Lists of Learned Societies, Printing Clubs, and other Literary Associations, and the Books issued by them; as also the Publisher's Series and Collections—altogether forming an indispensable adjunct to the Bookseller's Establishment, as well as to every Learned and Literary Club and Association. 30*s.* half-bound.

*** The previous Volume, 1835 to 1862, of which a very few remain on sale, price 2*l.* 5*s.*; as also the Index Volume, 1837 to 1857, price 1*l.* 6*s.*

——— **Supplements, 1863, 1864, 1865,** 3*s.* 6*d.* each; **1866,** 1867 to 1874, 5*s.* each.

English Writers, Chapters for Self-improvement in English Literature; by the author of "The Gentle Life." 6*s.*

——— **Matrons and their Profession;** With some Considerations as to its Various Branches, its National Value, and the Education it requires. By M. L. F., Writer of "My Life, and what shall I do with it." "Battle of the Two Philosophies," and "Strong and Free." Crown 8vo., cloth, extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

English Painters of the Georgian Era. Hogarth to Turner. Biographical Notices. Illustrated with 48 permanent Photographs, after the most celebrated Works. Demy 4to., cloth extra. 18*s.* [*Ready.*

Erckmann-Chatrian. Forest House and Catherine's Lovers. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **The Brothers Rantzau: A Story of the Vosges.** 2 vols. crown 8vo. cloth. 21*s.* New Edition. 1 vol., profusely illustrated. Cloth extra. 5*s.*

Evans (C.) Over the Hills and Far Away. By C. EVANS, Author of "A Strange Friendship." One Volume, crown 8vo., cloth extra, 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— **A Strange Friendship.** Crown 8vo., cloth. 5*s.*

Evans (T. W.) History of the American Ambulance, established in Paris during the Siege of 1870-71. Together with the Details of its Method and its Work. By THOMAS W. EVANS, M.D., D.D.S. Imperial 8vo., with numerous illustrations, cloth extra, price 35*s.*

E. V. B.'s Beauty and the Beast. *See* **Beauty and the Beast.**

FAITH GARTNEY'S Girlhood, by the Author of "The Gayworthys." Fcap. with Coloured Frontispiece. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Favell (The) Children. Three Little Portraits. Crown 12mo. Four Illustrations. Cloth gilt. 4*s.*
"A very useful and clever story."—*John Bull.*

Few (A) Hints on Proving Wills. Enlarged Edition, sewed. 1*s.*

Field (M. B.) Memories of Many Men and of some Women. Post 8vo., cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Fields (J. T.) Yesterdays with Authors. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Flammarion (C.) The Atmosphere. Translated from the French of CAMILLE FLAMMARION. Edited by JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., Superintendent of the Magnetical and Meteorological Department of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. With 10 beautiful Chromo-Lithographs and 81 woodcuts. Royal 8vo. cloth extra, bevelled boards. 30*s.*

Fleming's (Sandford) Expedition. *See* **Ocean to Ocean.**

Flemish and French Pictures. With Notes concerning the Painters and their Works by F. G. STEPHENS, Author of "Flemish Relics," "Memoirs of Sir Edwin Landseer," &c. Small 4to. cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt sides, back, and edges. 1*l.* 8*s.*

Fletcher and Kidder's Brazil and the Brazillians. Entirely new edition. [*In the press.*

Fogg's (W. P.) Arabistan; or, the Land of "The Arabian Nights." Being Travels through Egypt, Arabia, and Persia to Bagdad. By WILLIAM PERRY FOGG, M.A. Demy 8vo., with numerous Illustrations, cloth extra. 14*s.*

Fool of the Family, and other Tales. By JOHN DANGERFIELD. 2 vols., crown 8vo. 21*s.*

Forbes (J. G.) Africa: Geographical Exploration and Christian Enterprise, from the Earliest Times to the Present. By J. GRUAR FORBES. Crown 8vo., cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Forrest (John) Explorations in Australia; being Mr. John Forrest's Personal Accounts of his Journeys: 1st. In Search of Dr. Leichardt and Party. 2nd. From Perth or Adelaide, around the Great Australian Bight. 3rd. From Champion Bay across the Desert to the Telegraph and to Adelaide. 1 vol. demy 8vo., cloth, with several Illustrations from the Author's Sketches, drawn on wood by G. F. Angas, and 3 Maps. 16*s.*

Forrest's (R. W.) Gleanings from the Pastures of Tekoa. By ROBERT WILLIAM FORREST, M.A., Vicar of St. Jude's, South Kensington. Contents:—The Words of Amos—National Evils—National Privileges—Serious Questions—The Great Meeting—At Ease in Zion—Intercessory Prayer—Summer Fruit—The Word of the Lord—Hearing the Word—Last Words. 1 vol. small post 8vo., 260 pp., cloth extra. 6*s.*

Franc (Maude Jeane) Emily's Choice, an Australian Tale. 1 vol. small post 8vo. With a Frontispiece by G. F. ANGAS. 5*s.*

——— **Hall's Vineyard.** Small post 8vo., cloth. 4*s.*

——— **John's Wife. A Story of Life in South Australia.** Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 4*s.*

——— **Marian, or the Light of Some One's Home. Fcp.** 3rd Edition, with Frontispiece. 5*s.*

——— **Silken Cords and Iron Fetters.** 4*s.*

——— **Vermont Vale.** Small post 4to., with Frontispiece. 5*s.*

——— **Minnie's Mission.** Small post 8vo., with Frontispiece. 4*s.*

Friswell (J. H.) *See* **Gentle Life Series.**

——— **One of Two.** 3 vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Friswell (Laura.) The Gingerbread Maiden; and other Stories. With Illustration. Square cloth. 3*s.* 6*d.*

GARVAGH (Lord) The Pilgrim of Scandinavia. By LORD GARVAGH, B.A., Christ Church, Oxford, and Member of the Alpine Club. 8vo., cloth extra, with Illustrations. 10*s.* 6*d.*

"Although of late there has been no lack of works on Iceland, this little volume is written with so much freshness and vivacity that it will be read with interest and pleasure."—*Standard.*

Gayworthys (The), a Story of New England Life. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Gems of Dutch Art. Twelve Photographs from finest Engravings in British Museum. Sup. royal 4to. cloth extra. 25*s.*

Gentle Life (Queen Edition). 2 vols. in 1. Small 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE GENTLE LIFE SERIES. Printed in Elzevir, on Toned Paper, handsomely bound, forming suitable Volumes for Presents. Price 6*s.* each; or in calf extra, price 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Gentle Life. Essays in aid of the Formation of Character of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen. Tenth Edition.

"Deserves to be printed in letters of gold, and circulated in every house."—*Chambers' Journal.*

About in the World. Essays by the Author of "The Gentle Life."

"It is not easy to open it at any page without finding some handy idea."—*Morning Post.*

Like unto Christ. A New Translation of the "De Imitatione Christi" usually ascribed to Thomas à Kempis. With a Vignette from an Original Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Second Edition.

"Could not be presented in a more exquisite form, for a more sightly volume was never seen."—*Illustrated London News.*

Familiar Words. An Index Verborum, or Quotation Handbook. Affording an immediate Reference to Phrases and Sentences that have become embedded in the English language. Second and enlarged Edition.

"The most extensive dictionary of quotation we have met with."—*Notes and Queries.*

Essays by Montaigne. Edited, Compared, Revised, and Annotated by the Author of "The Gentle Life." With Vignette Portrait. Second Edition.

"We should be glad if any words of ours could help to bespeak a large circulation for this handsome attractive book."—*Illustrated Times.*

The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia. Written by Sir Philip Sidney. Edited, with Notes, by the Author of "The Gentle Life." Dedicated, by permission, to the Earl of Derby. 7*s.* 6*d.*

"All the best things in the Arcadia are retained intact in Mr. Friswell's edition.—*Examiner.*

The Gentle Life. Second Series. Seventh Edition.

"There is not a single thought in the volume that does not contribute in some measure to the formation of a true gentleman."—*Daily News.*

Varia: Readings from Rare Books. Reprinted, by permission, from the *Saturday Review*, *Spectator*, &c.

"The books discussed in this volume are no less valuable than they are rare, and the compiler is entitled to the gratitude of the public."—*Observer.*

The Silent Hour: Essays, Original and Selected. By the Author of "The Gentle Life." Third Edition.

"All who possess the 'Gentle Life' should own this volume."—*Standard.*

Essays on English Writers, for the Self-improvement of Students in English Literature.

"To all (both men and women) who have neglected to read and study their native literature we would certainly suggest the volume before us as a fitting introduction."—*Examiner.*

Other People's Windows. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. Second Edition.

"The chapters are so lively in themselves, so mingled with shrewd views of human nature, so full of illustrative anecdotes, that the reader cannot fail to be amused."—*Morning Post.*

A Man's Thoughts. By J. HAIN FRISWELL.

German Primer; being an Introduction to First Steps in German. By M. T. PREU. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Getting On in the World; or, Hints on Success in Life. By WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D. Small post 8vo., cloth extra, bevelled edges. 6*s.*

Girdlestone (C.) Christendom. 12mo. 3*s.*

——— **Family Prayers.** 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Glover (Rev. R.) The Light of the Word. Third Edition. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Goethe's Faust. With Illustrations by Konewka. Small 4to. Price 10*s.* 6*d.*

Gospels (Four), with Bida's Illustrations. *See* **Bida.**

Gouffé: The Royal Cookery Book. By JULES GOUFFÉ; translated and adapted for English use by ALPHONSE GOUFFÉ, head pastrycook to Her Majesty the Queen. Illustrated with large plates. printed in colours. 161 woodcuts. 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges. 2*l.* 2*s.*

——— Domestic Edition, half-bound. 10*s.* 6*d.*

"By far the ablest and most complete work on cookery that has ever been submitted to the gastronomical world."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

——— **The Book of Preserves;** or, Receipts for Preparing and Preserving Meat, Fish salt and smoked, Terrines, Gelatines, Vegetables, Fruits, Confitures, Syrups, Liqueurs de Famille, Petits Fours. Bonbons, &c. &c. 1 vol. royal 8vo., containing upwards of 500 Receipts and 34 Illustrations. 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Royal Book of Pastry and Confectionery.** By JULES GOUFFÉ, Chef-de-Cuisine of the Paris Jockey Club. Royal 8vo. Illustrated with 10 Chromo-lithographs and 137 Woodcuts, from Drawings from Nature by E. Monjat, cloth extra, gilt edges, 35*s.*

Gouraud (Mdlle.) Four Gold Pieces. Numerous Illustrations. Small post 8vo., cloth. 2*s.* 6*d.* *See also* **Rose Library.**

Gower (Lord Ronald). Hand-book to the Art Galleries, Public and Private, of Belgium and Holland. 18mo., cloth. 5*s.*

——— The Castle Howard Portraits. 2 vols. Folio, cloth extra. £6 6*s.*

Greek Testament. *See* **Novum Testament.**

Guizot's History of France. Translated by ROBERT BLACK. Royal 8vo. Numerous Illustrations. Vols. I. II. III. and IV., cloth extra, each 24*s.*; in Parts, 2*s.* each (to be completed in one more volume).
Will be completed about May, 1876.

Guyon (Mad.) Life. By Upham. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

——— A Short Method of Prayer and Spiritual Torrents. Translated from the French original of Madame DE LA MOTHE GUYON. 12mo., cloth extra. 2*s.* [*Now ready.*

Guillemin. Comets. Translated and Edited by JAMES GLAISHER. Numerous Chromos and other Illustrations. [*In Press.*

Guyot (A.) Physical Geography. By ARNOLD GUYOT, Author of "Earth and Man." In 1 volume, large 4to., 128 pp., numerous coloured Diagrams, Maps and Woodcuts, price 10*s.* 6*d.*, strong boards.

HACKLANDER (F. W.) Bombardier H. and Corporal Dose; or, Military Life in Prussia. First Series. The Soldier in Time of Peace. Translated (by permission of the Author) from the German of F. W. Hackländer. By F. E. R. and H. E. R. Crown 8vo., cloth extra, 5*s.*

Hale (E. E.) In His Name; a Story of the Dark Ages. Small post 8vo., cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Half-Length Portraits. Short Studies of Notable Persons. By OLIVER ST. JAMES. Small Post 8vo., cloth extra. 6*s.* [*Shortly.*

Hall (S. P.) Sketches from an Artist's Portfolio. *See* **Sketches.**

Hall (W. W.) How to Live Long; or, 1,408 Health Maxims, Physical, Mental, and Moral. By W. W. HALL, A.M., M.D. Small post, 8vo., cloth. 2*s.* Second Edition. [*Ready.*

"We can cordially commend it to all who wish to possess the *mens sana in corpore sano.*"—*Standard.*

Hans Brinker; or, the Silver Skates. An entirely New Edition, with 59 Full-page and other Woodcuts. Square crown 8vo., cloth extra. 7*s.* 6*d.* [*Ready.*

N.B.—This is an Edition *de Luxe* of an old favourite.

Harper's Handbook for Travellers in Europe and the East. New Edition, 1875. Post 8vo. Morocco tuck, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d*

Hawthorne (Mrs. N.) Notes in England and Italy. Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Hayes (Dr.) Cast Away in the Cold; an Old Man's Story of a Young Man's Adventures. By Dr. I. ISAAC HAYES, Author of "The Open Polar Sea." With numerous Illustrations. Gilt edges, 6*s.*

——— **The Land of Desolation;** Personal Narrative of Adventures in Greenland. Numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth extra. 14*s.*

Hazard (S.) Santo Domingo, Past and Present; With a Glance at Hayti. With upwards of One Hundred and Fifty beautiful Woodcuts and Maps, chiefly from Designs and Sketches by the Author. Demy 8vo. cloth extra. 18*s.*

Hazard (S.) Cuba with Pen and Pencil. Over 300 Fine Woodcut Engravings. New edition, 8vo. cloth extra. 15*s.*

Hazlitt (William) The Round Table. (Bayard Series.) 2*s.* 6*d.*

Healy (M.) Lakeville. 3 vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

——— **A Summer's Romance.** Crown 8vo., cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— **The Home Theatre.** Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Out of the World.** A Novel. Three Volumes, crown 8vo, cloth extra. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Hearth Ghosts. By the Author of "Gilbert Rugge." 3 Vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Heber's (Bishop) Illustrated Edition of Hymns. With upwards of 100 Designs engraved in the first style of art under the superintendence of J. D. COOPER. Small 4to. Handsomely bound, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Henderson (A.) Latin Proverbs and Quotations; with Translations and Parallel Passages, and a copious English Index. By ALFRED HENDERSON. Fcap. 4to., 530 pp. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Higginson (T. W.) Atlantic Essays. Small post 8vo. 6*s.*

——— **Young Folks' History of the United States.** Small post 8vo., cloth. 6*s.*

Hitherto. By the Author of "The Gayworthys." New Edition. cloth extra. 3*s.* 6*d.* Also in Low's American Series. Double Vol. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Hofmann (Carl) A Practical Treatise on the Manufacture of Paper in all its Branches. Illustrated by One Hundred and Ten Wood Engravings, and Five large Folding Plates. In One Volume, 4to, cloth; about 400 pages. 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Holland (Dr.) Kathrina and Titcomb's Letters. *See* Low's American Series.

——— **Mistress of the Manse.** 2*s.* 6*d.* *See also* Rose Library.

Holmes (Oliver W.) The Guardian Angel; a Romance. 2 vols. 16*s.*

——— (Low's Copyright Series.) Boards, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*

——— **Songs in Many Keys.** Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Mechanism in Thought and Morals.** 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Horace (Works of). Translated literally into English Prose. By C. SMART, A.M. New edition. 18 mo., cloth. 2*s.*

How to Live Long. *See* HALL.

Hugo (Victor) "Ninety-Three." Translated by FRANK LEE BENEDICT and J. HAIN FRISWELL. New Edition. Illustrated. One vol. crown 8vo. 6*s.*

——— **Toilers of the Sea.** Crown 8vo. 6*s.*; fancy boards, 2*s.*; cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Illustrated Edition, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Hunt (Leigh) and S. A. Lee, Elegant Sonnets, with Essay on Sonneteers. 2 vols. 8vo. 18*s.*

——— **Day by the Fire.** Fcap. 6*s.* 6*d.*

Hutchinson (Thos.) Summer Rambles in Brittany. Illustrated. [*Shortly.*

Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer. *See* Bickersteth.

ILLUSTRATIONS of China and its People. By J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S. Being Photographs from the Author's Negatives, printed in permanent Pigments by the Autotype Process, and Notes from Personal Observation.

*** The complete work embraces 200 Photographs, with Letter-press Descriptions of the Places and People represented. Four Volumes, imperial 4to., each £3 3*s.*

Illustrated Books, suitable for Christmas, Birthday, or Wedding Presents. (The full titles of which will be found in the Alphabet.)

Adventures of a Young Naturalist. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Alexander's Bush Fighting. 16*s.*

Illustrated Books, *continued*—

Andersen's Fairy Tales. 25*s.*
Arctic Regions. Illustrated. 25 guineas.
Art, Pictorial and Industrial. New Series, Vols. I. to III., 18*s.* each.
Bida's Gospels. 3*l.* 3*s.* each.
Blackburn's Art in the Mountains. 12*s.*
—— **Artists and Arabs.** 7*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Harz Mountains.** 12*s.*
—— **Normandy Picturesque.** 16*s.*
—— **Travelling in Spain.** 16*s.*
—— **The Pyrenees.** 18*s.*
Butler's Great Lone Land. 7*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Wild North Land.** 7*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Akim-foo.** 7*s.* 6*d.*
Cadogan (Lady) Games of Patience. 12*s.* 6*d.*
Chefs-d'oeuvre of Art. 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*
China. Illustrated. 4 vols. 3*l.* 3*s.* each vol.
Choice Books. 2*s.* 6*d.* each. *See* **Choice Editions.**
Davies's Pilgrimage of the Tiber. 18*s.*
D'Avillier's Spain. Illustrated by DORÉ. 3*l.* 3*s.*
Dream Book, by E. V. B. 21*s.* 6*d.*
Flammarion's The Atmosphere. 30*s.*
Goethe's Faust, illustrations by P. KONEWKA. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Gouffé's Royal Cookery Book. Coloured plates. 42*s.*
—— Ditto. Popular edition. 10*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Book of Preserves.** 10*s.* 6*d.*
Hans Brinker. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Hazard's Santa Domingo. 18*s.*
—— **Cuba.** 15*s.*
Heber (Bishop) Hymns. Illustrated edition. 7*s.* 6*d.*
How to Build a House. By VIOLLET-LE-DUC. 8vo. 12*s.*
Jacquemart's History of the Ceramic Art. 42*s.*
Koldewey's North German Polar Expedition. 1*l.* 15*s.*
MacGahan's Campaigning on the Oxus. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Markham (Capt.) Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Markham (Clements) Threshold of the Unknown Region. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Markham's Cruise of the Rosario. 16*s.*
Masterpieces of the Pitti Palace. 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*
Milton's Paradise Lost. (Martin's plates). 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*
My Lady's Cabinet. 21*s.*
Palliser (Mrs.) History of Lace. 21*s.*
—— **Historic Devices, &c.** 21*s.*
Pike's Sub-Tropical Rambles. 18*s.*
Read's Leaves from a Sketch Book. 25*s.*
Red Cross Knight (The). 25*s.*
Schiller's Lay of the Bell. 14*s.*
Stanley's How I Found Livingstone. 7*s.* 6*d.*
—— **Coomassie and Magdala.** 16*s.*
Sullivan's Dhow Chasing. 16*s.*
Thompson's Old English Homes. 2*l.* 2*s.*
Thomson's Straits of Malacca. 21*s.*
Verne (Jules) Books. 12 vols. *See* **Alphabet.**
Werner (Carl) Nile Sketches. 2 Series, each 3*l.* 10*s.*
Wilson's Rambles in Northern India. 21*s.*

In the Isle of Wight. Two volumes, crown 8vo., cloth. 21*s.*

JACK HAZARD, a Story of Adventure by J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Numerous illustrations, small post. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Jackson (H.) Argus Fairbairne; or, a Wrong Never Righted. By HENRY JACKSON, Author of "Hearth Ghosts," &c. Three volumes, crown 8vo., cloth, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Jacquemart (J.) History of the Ceramic Art: Descriptive and Analytical Study of the Potteries of all Times and of all Nations. By ALBERT JACQUEMART. 200 Woodcuts by H. Catenacci and J. Jacquemart. 12 Steel-plate Engravings, and 1,000 Marks and Monograms. Translated by Mrs. BURY PALLISER. In 1 vol., super royal 8vo., of about 700 pp., cloth extra, gilt edges, 42*s.* [*Ready.*

"This is one of those few gift books which, while they can certainly lie on a table and look beautiful, can also be read through with real pleasure and profit."—*Times.*

Jessup (H. H.) The Women of the Arabs. With a Chapter for Children. By the Rev. HENRY HARRIS JESSUP, D.D., seventeen years American Missionary in Syria. Crown 8vo., cloth extra, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Jilted. A Novel. 3 vols. Second Edition. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

John Holdsworth, Chief Mate. By the Author of "Jilted." 3 vols., crown 8vo. Second Edition. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Johnson (R. B.) Very Far West Indeed. A few rough Experiences on the North-West Pacific Coast. Cr. 8vo. cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.* New Edition—the Fourth, fancy boards. 2*s.*

KENNAN (G.) Tent Life in Siberia. 3rd edition. 6*s.*

Kennaway (L. J.) Crusts. A Settler's Fare due South; or, Life in New Zealand. Illustrations by the Author. Crown 8vo., cloth extra. 5*s.*

Kennedy's (Capt. W. R.) Sporting Adventures in the Pacific. With Illustrations. [*Shortly.*

King (Clarence) Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada. crown 8vo. Third and Cheaper Edition, cloth extra. 6*s.*

The *Times* says:—"If we judge his descriptions by the vivid impressions they leave, we feel inclined to give them very high praise."

Koldewey (Capt.) The Second North German Polar Expedition in the Year 1869-70, of the Ships "Germania" and "Hansa," under command of Captain Koldewey. Edited and condensed by H. W. BATES, Esq., and Translated by LOUIS MERCIER, M.A. (Oxon.) Numerous Woodcuts, Maps, and Chromo-lithographs. Royal 8vo, cloth extra. 1*l.* 15*s.*

LANE (Laura C. M.) Gentleman Verschoyle. 3 vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Lang (Dr. J. D.) An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales, from the Founding of the Colony in 1788 to the present day, including details of the remarkable discoveries of Gold, Copper, and Tin in that Colony. By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D., A.M., Senior Minister of the Scotch Church, Sydney. Fourth Edition. In 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Lang (Dr. J. D.) The Coming Event. 8vo. 12*s.*

Leared (A.). Morocco and the Moors. Being an Account of Travels, with a general Description of the Country and its People. By ARTHUR LEARED, M.D., Member of the Royal Irish Academy, and of the Icelandic Literary Society. With Illustrations, 8vo., cloth extra, 18*s.*

Leavitt's (Professor J. M.) New World Tragedies.

Le Duc (V.) How to Build a House. By VIOLLET LE DUC, Author of "The Dictionary of Architecture," &c. Numerous Illustrations, Plans &c. One vol., medium 8vo, cloth, gilt edges. Second Edition. 12*s.*

——— **Annals of a Fortress.** Numerous Illustrations and Diagrams. Demy 8vo, cloth extra. 15*s.*

——— **The Habitations of Man in all Ages.** By E. VIOLLET-LE-DUC. Illustrated by 103 Woodcuts. Translated by BENJAMIN BUCKNALL, Architect. 8vo., cloth extra. 16*s.*

——— **Lectures on Architecture.** By VIOLLET-LE-DUC. Translated from the French by BENJAMIN BUCKNALL, Architect. In 2 vols., royal 8vo., 3*l.* 3*s.* [*In the Press.*

——— **On Restoration.** By VIOLLET-LE-DUC, and a Notice of his Works in connection with the Historical Monuments of France. By CHARLES WETHERED. Crown 8vo., with a Portrait on Steel of VIOLLET-LE-DUC, cloth extra, 2*s.* 6*d.* [*Ready.*

Lessing's Laocoon: an Essay upon the Limits of Painting and Poetry, with remarks illustrative of various points in the History of Ancient Art. By GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING. A New Translation by ELLEN FROTHINGHAM, crown 8vo. cloth extra. 5*s.*

L'Estrange (Sir G. B.) Recollections of Sir George B. L'Estrange. With Heliotype reproductions. 8vo. cloth extra. 14*s.*

Lindsay (W. S.) History of Merchant Shipping and Ancient Commerce. Over 150 Illustrations, Maps, and Charts. In 4 vols., demy 8vo. cloth extra. Vols. 1 and 2, 21*s.* each; vols. 3 and 4, 24*s.* each; 4 vols. £4 10*s.*

"Another standard work."—*The Times.*

Little Preacher. 32mo. 1*s.*

Locker (A.) The Village Surgeon. A Fragment of Autobiography. By ARTHUR LOCKER, Author of "Sweet Seventeen." Crown 8vo., cloth. New Edition. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Low's German Series.

The attention of the Heads of Colleges and Schools is respectfully directed to this New Series of German School Books, which has been projected with a view to supply a long-felt want, viz.: thoroughly reliable Text-Books, edited by German scholars of the highest reputation, and at a price which will bring them within the reach of all. The Series will comprise:—

1. **The Illustrated German Primer.** Being the easiest introduction to the study of German for all beginners. 1*s.*
2. **The Children's Own German Book.** A Selection of Amusing and Instructive Stories in Prose. Edited by Dr. A. L. MEISSNER, Professor of Modern Languages in the Queen's University in Ireland. Small post 8vo., cloth. 1*s.* 6*d.*
3. **The First German Reader, for Children from ten to fourteen.** Edited by Dr. A. L. MEISSNER. Small post 8vo., cloth. 1*s.* 6*d.*
4. **The Second German Reader.** Edited by Dr. A. L. MEISSNER. Small post 8vo., cloth. 1*s.* 6*d.* [*In preparation.*

Buchheim's Deutsche Prosa. Two volumes, sold separately:—

5. **Schiller's Prosa.** Containing Selections from the Prose Works of Schiller, with Notes for English Students. By Dr. BUCHHEIM, Professor of the German Language and Literature, King's College, London. Small post 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* [*Ready.*
6. **Goethe's Prosa.** Containing Selections from the Prose Works of Goethe, with Notes for English Students. By Dr. BUCHHEIM. Small post 8vo. [*In preparation.*

Low's Half-Crown Series, choicely bound, cloth, gilt edges, small post 8vo.

1. **Sea-Gull Rock.** By JULES SANDEAU. Numerous Illustrations.
2. **The House on Wheels.** By Madame STOLZ. Numerous Illustrations.
3. **The Mistress of the Manse.** By Dr. HOLLAND.
4. **Undine, and the Two Captains.** By FOUQUÉ. Illustrations.
5. **Draxy Miller's Dowry and the Elder's Wife.**
6. **The Four Gold Pieces.** By Madame GOURAUD. Numerous Illustrations.
7. **Picciola; or, The Prison Flower.** By X. B. SAINTINE. Numerous Illustrations.
8. **Robert's Holidays.** Profusely Illustrated.
9. **The Two Children of St. Domingo.** Profusely Illustrated.
10. **The Pearl of Orr's Island.**
11. **The Minister's Wooing.**
12. **Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag.**

Low's Copyright and Cheap Editions of American Authors, comprising Popular Works, reprinted by arrangement with their Authors:—

1. **Haunted Hearts.** By the Author of "The Lamplighter."
2. **The Guardian Angel.** By "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."
3. **The Minister's Wooing.** By the Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
4. **Views Afoot.** By BAYARD TAYLOR.
5. **Kathrina, Her Life and Mine.** By J. G. HOLLAND.
6. **Hans Brinker:** or, Life in Holland. By Mrs. DODGE.
7. **Men, Women, and Ghosts.** By Miss PHELPS.
8. **Society and Solitude.** By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
9. **Hedged In.** By ELIZABETH PHELPS.

Low's Copyright and Cheap Editions, *continued*—

11. **Faith Gartney.**
12. **Stowe's Old Town Folks.** 2*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 3*s.*
13. **Lowell's Study Windows.**
14. **My Summer in a Garden.** By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.
15. **Pink and White Tyranny.** By Mrs. STOWE.
16. **We Girls.** By Mrs. WHITNEY.
17. **Other Girls.** By Mrs. WHITNEY. 2*s.*
20. **Back-Log Studies.** By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, Author of "My Summer in a Garden."
"This is a delightful book."—*Atlantic Monthly.*
22. **Hitherto.** By Mrs. T. D. WHITNEY. Double Volume, 2*s.* 6*d.* fancy flexible boards.
23. **Farm Ballads.** by Will. Carleton. 1*s.*

Low's Standard Library of Travel and Adventure. Crown 8vo. Bound uniformly in cloth extra.

1. **The Great Lone Land.** By W. F. BUTLER. With Illustrations and Map. Fifth Edition. 7*s.* 6*d.*
2. **The Wild North Land:** the Story of a Winter Journey with Dogs across Northern North America. By W. F. BUTLER. With numerous Woodcuts and a Map. Fifth Edition. 7*s.* 6*d.*
3. **How I Found Livingstone.** By H. M. STANLEY. Introductory Chapter on the Death of Livingstone, with a Brief Memoir. 7*s.* 6*d.*
4. **The Threshold of the Unknown Region.** By C. R. MARKHAM. With Maps and Illustrations. Fourth Edition, with Additional Chapters. 10*s.* 6*d.*
5. **A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia.** By A. H. MARKHAM. New Edition. Two Maps and several Illustrations. 7*s.* 6*d.*
6. **Campaigning on the Oxus.** By J. A. MACGAHAN. Fourth Edition. 7*s.* 6*d.* [*Shortly.*
7. **Akim-foo: the History of a Failure.** By MAJOR W. F. BUTLER. New edition. 7*s.* 6*d.*

*** *Other volumes in preparation.*

Low's Standard Novels. Crown 8vo. 6*s.* each, cloth extra.

Three Feathers. By WILLIAM BLACK.
A Daughter of Heth. Thirteenth Edition. By W. BLACK. With Frontispiece by F. WALKER, A.R.A.
Kilmeny. A Novel. By W. BLACK.
In Silk Attire. By W. BLACK.
Alice Lorraine. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Lorna Doone. By R. D. BLACKMORE. Eighth Edition.
Cradock Nowell. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Clara Vaughan. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Innocent. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Eight Illustrations.
Work: a Story of Experience. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Illustrations. (*See also* "Rose Library.")
Mistress Judith: a Cambridgeshire Story. By C. C. FRAZER-TYTLER.
Ninety-Three. By VICTOR HUGO. Numerous illustrations.

Low's Handbook to the Charities of London for 1874. Edited and Revised to February, 1875, by CHARLES MACKESON, F.S.S., Editor of "A Guide to the Churches of London and its Suburbs," &c Price 1*s.*

Lunn (J. C.) Only Eve. 3 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Lyne (A. A.) The Midshipman's Trip to Jerusalem. With illustration. Third Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Lyra Sacra Americana. Gems of American Poetry, selected and arranged, with Notes and Biographical Sketches, by C. D. CLEVELAND, D. D. author of the "Milton Concordance." 18mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

MAC GAHAN (J. A.) Campaigning on the Oxus and the Fall of Khiva. With Map and numerous Illustrations. Fourth Edition. Small post 8vo., cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.* *See also* Low's Library of Travel and Adventure.

——— **Under the Northern Lights**; or, The Cruise of the Pandora to Peel's Straits in Search of Sir John Franklin's Papers. With Illustrations by Mr. DE WYLDE, who accompanied the Expedition. Demy 8vo., cloth extra. [*Shortly.*

Macgregor (John,) "Rob Roy" on the Baltic. Third Edition, small post 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— **A Thousand Miles in the "Rob Roy" Canoe.** Eleventh Edition. Small post, 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Description of the "Rob Roy" Canoe,** with plans, &c. 1*s.*

——— **The Voyage Alone in the Yawl "Rob Roy."** Second Edition. Small post, 8vo. 5*s.*

Mahony (M. F.) A Chronicle of the Fermors; Horace Walpole in Love. By M. F. MAHONY. 2 vols. demy 8vo., with steel portrait. 24*s.*

Manigault, The Maid of Florence; or, a Woman's Vengeance. 3*s.* 6*d.*

March (A.) Anglo-Saxon Reader. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language.** 8vo. 12*s.*

Marigold Manor. By Miss WARING. With Introduction by Rev. A. SEWELL. With Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 4*s.*

Markham (A. H.) The Cruise of the "Rosario." By A. H. MARKHAM, Commander, R.N. 8vo. cloth extra, with Map and Illustrations. 16*s.*

——— **A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia.** With an Account of the Rescue, by his Ship, of the Survivors of the Crew of the "Polaris;" and a Description of Modern Whale Fishing. Third and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 2 Maps and several Illustrations. Cloth extra. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Markham (C. R.) The Threshold of the Unknown Region. Crown 8vo. with Four Maps. Fourth Edition. With additional chapters, giving the history of our present expedition as far as known, and an account of the cruise of the Pandora. Cloth extra. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Marlitt (Miss) The Princess of the Moor. Tauchnitz Translations.

Marsh (G. P.) Origin and History of the English Language. 8vo. 16*s.*

——— The Earth, as modified by human action, being a New Edition of "Man and Nature." Royal 8vo., cloth, 18*s.*

——— Lectures on the English Language. 8vo. 15*s.*

Martin's Vineyard. By Agnes Harrison. Crown 8vo. cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mason (C. W.) The Rape of the Gamp. 3 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Masterpieces of the Pitti Palace, and other Picture Galleries of Florence, with some Account of the Artists and their Paintings. Atlas 4to. handsomely bound in cloth extra, gilt edges. 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Maury (Commander) Physical Geography of the Sea and its Meteorology. Being a Reconstruction and Enlargement of his former Work; with illustrative Charts and Diagrams. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

Price 1*s* 6*d.*, *a New Monthly Periodical.* (*See also* page 47.)

Men of Mark; a Gallery of Contemporary Portraits (taken from Life of the most eminent men of the day). Printed in Permanent Photography. With brief Biographical Notices. A specimen of the Photographs, mounted complete, will be forwarded on receipt of six penny stamps.

"The miniatures now before us retain the personal characteristics, the expression peculiar to each face, and the air of the sitter, with *great good fortune*. The book is sure to succeed as a serious companion to 'Vanity Fair.'"—*Athenæum.*

"It contains three splendid photographs, rendered permanent by the Woodbury process, and is got up in faultless style."—*Globe.*

Mercier (Rev. L.) Outlines of the Life of the Lord Jesus Christ. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 15*s.*

Michell (N.) The Heart's Great Rulers, a Poem, and Wanderings from the Rhine to the South Sea Islands. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Milton's Complete Poetical Works; with Concordance by W. D. Cleveland. New Edition. 8vo. 12*s.*; morocco 1*l.* 1*s.*

Miss Dorothy's Charge. By Frank Lee Benedict, Author of "My Cousin Elenor." 3 vols. crown 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Missionary Geography (The); a Manual of Missionary Operations in all parts of the World, with Map and Illustrations. Fcap. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mistress Judith. A Cambridgeshire Story. By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER, Author of "Jasmine Leigh." A New and Cheaper Edition. In one volume, small post 8vo., cloth extra. 6*s.*

Mohr (E.). To the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. By EDWARD MOHR. Translated by N. D'ANVERS. Numerous Full-page and other Woodcut Illustrations, and four beautiful Chromolithographs and a Map. 1 vol., demy 8vo., cloth extra. 24*s.*

Mongolia, Travels in. *See* **Prejevalsky.**

Monk of Monk's Own. 3 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Montaigne's Essays. *See* **Gentle Life Series.**

Moody (Emma). Echoes of the Heart. A Collection of upwards of 200 Sacred Poems. 16mo. cloth, gilt edges, price 3*s.* 6*d.*

Morocco, Adventures in. *See* ROHLFS.

——— and the Moors. *See* LEARED.

Mountain (Bishop) Life of. By his Son. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mundy (D. L.) Rotomahana, or the Boiling Springs of New Zealand. Sixteen large Permanent Photographs, with descriptive Letterpress. By D. L. MUNDY. Edited by Dr. F. VON HOCHSTETTER. Imperial 4to. cloth extra. 42*s.* Second Edition.

My Cousin Maurice. A Novel. 3 vols. Cloth, 31*s.* 6*d.*

My Lady's Cabinet. Charmingly Decorated with Lovely Drawings and Exquisite Miniatures. Contains Seventy-five Pictures. Royal 4to., and very handsomely bound in cloth. 1*l.* 1*s.*

NAPOLEON I., Recollections of. By Mrs. ABELL. Third Edition. Revised with additional matter by her daughter, Mrs. CHARLES JOHNSTONE. Demy 8vo. With Steel Portrait and Woodcuts. Cloth extra, gilt edges, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Napoleon III. in Exile: The Posthumous Works and Unpublished Autographs. Collected and arranged by COUNT DE LA CHAPELLE. 8vo., cloth extra. 14*s.*

Narrative of Edward Crewe, The. Personal Adventures and Experiences in New Zealand. Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 5*s.*

Never Again: a Novel. By Dr. MAYO, Author of "Kaloolah." New and Cheaper Edition, in One Vol., small post 8vo. 6*s.* Cheapest edition, fancy boards, 2*s.*

New Testament. The Authorized English Version; with the various Readings from the most celebrated Manuscripts, including the Sinaitic, the Vatican, and the Alexandrian MSS., in English. With Notes by the Editor, Dr. TISCHENDORF. The whole revised and carefully collected for the Thousandth Volume of Baron Tauchnitz's Collection. Cloth flexible, gilt edges, 2*s.* 6*d.*; cheaper style, 2*s.*; or sewed, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Noel (Hon. Roden) Livingstone in Africa; a Poem. By the Hon. RODEN NOEL, Author of "Beatrice," &c. Post 8vo., limp cloth extra, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Nordhoff (C.) California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence. A Book for Travellers and Settlers. Numerous Illustrations. 8vo., cloth extra. 12*s.* 6*d.*

—— Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands. Square 8vo., cloth extra, price 12*s.* 6*d.*

Nothing to Wear, and Two Millions. By WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER. 1*s.*

Novum Testamentum Græce. Edidit OSCAR DE GEBHARDT. 18mo. cloth. 3*s.* 6*d.*

OLD English Homes. *See* **Thompson.**

Old Fashioned Girl. See **Alcott.**

Old Masters. Da Vinci, Bartolomeo, Michael Angelo, Romagna, Carlo Dolci, &c., &c. Reproduced in Photography from the Celebrated Engravings by Longhi, Anderloni, Garavaglia, Toschi, and Raimondi, in the Collection of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, with Biographical Notices. By STEPHEN THOMPSON. Imperial folio, cloth extra. 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Oleographs. *See* page 45.

Oliphant (Mrs.) Innocent. A Tale of Modern Life. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," &c., &c. With Eight full-page Illustrations. Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 6*s.*

On the Rock. *See* **Whitall.**

One Only; A Novel. By Eleanor C. PRICE. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., cloth, 21*s.*

Only Eve. By Mrs. J. CALBRAITH LUNN. Three Vols. post 8vo. cloth. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Our American Cousins at Home. By VERA, Author of "Under the Red Cross." Illustrated with Pen and Ink Sketches, by the Author, and several fine Photographs. Crown 8vo, cloth. 9*s.*

Our Little Ones in Heaven. Edited by Rev. H. ROBBINS. With Frontispiece after Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Fcap. cloth extra. New Edition, the Third, with Illustrations. Price 5*s.* About March, 1876.

PALLISER (Mrs.) A History of Lace, from the Earliest Period. A New and Revised Edition, with additional cuts and text, with upwards of 100 Illustrations and coloured Designs. 1 vol. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* Third Edition.

"One of the most readable books of the season; permanently valuable, always interesting, often amusing, and not inferior in all the essentials of a gift book."—*Times.*

——— **Historic Devices, Badges, and War Cries.** 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*

——— **The China Collector's Pocket Companion.** With upwards of 1,000 Illustrations of Marks and Monograms. Second Edition, with Additions. Small post 8vo., limp cloth, 5*s.*

"We scarcely need add that a more trustworthy and convenient handbook does not exist, and that others besides ourselves will feel grateful to Mrs. Palliser for the care and skill she has bestowed upon it."—*Academy.*

The first attempt at a full and connected military history of the whole war.

Paris (Comte de). History of the Civil War in America. By the COMTE DE PARIS. Translated, with the approval of the Author, by LOUIS F. TASISTRO. Edited by HENRY COPPÉE, LL.D. Volume I. (Embracing, without abridgment, the First Two Volumes of the French Edition). With Maps faithfully engraved from the Originals, and printed in three colours. 8vo., cloth, 18*s.*

Parisian Family. From the French of Madame GUIZOT DE WITT. Fcap. 5*s.*

Phelps (Miss) Gates Ajar. 32mo. 6*d.*

——— **Men, Women, and Ghosts.** 12mo. Sd. 1*s.* 6*d.*; cl. 2*s.*

——— **Hedged In.** 12mo. Sewed, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*

——— **Silent Partner.** 5*s.*

——— **Trotty's Wedding Tour.** Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **What to Wear.** Foolscap 8vo., fancy boards. 1*s.*

Phillips (L.) Dictionary of Biographical Reference. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Photography (History and Handbook of). *See* **Tissandier.**

Picture Gallery of British Art (The). Thirty-eight beautiful and Permanent Photographs after the most celebrated English Painters. With Descriptive Letterpress. Vols. 1 to 4, cloth extra, 18*s.* each. Each parate and complete in itself.

*** *For particulars of the Monthly Parts, see page 46.*

Pike (N.) Sub-Tropical Rambles in the Land of the Aphanapteryx. In 1 vol. demy 8vo. 18*s*. Profusely Illustrated from the Author's own Sketches, also with Maps and valuable Meteorological Charts.

Plutarch's Lives. An Entirely New and Library Edition. Edited by A. H. CLOUGH, Esq. 5 vols. 8vo., 2*l*. 10*s*.; half morocco, top gilt, 3*l*.

——— **Morals.** Uniform with Clough's Edition of "Lives of Plutarch." Edited by Professor GOODWIN. 5 vols. 8vo. 3*l*. 3*s*.

Poe (E. A.) The Works of. 4 vols. 2*l*. 2*s*.

Poems of the Inner Life. A New Edition, Revised, with many additional Poems, inserted by permission of the Authors. Small post 8vo., cloth. 5*s*.

Polar Expedition. *See* **Koldeway and Markham.**

Portraits of Celebrated Women. By C. A. STE.-BEUVE. 12mo. 6*s*. 6*d*.

Preces Veterum. Collegit et edidit Joannes F. France. Crown 8vo., cloth, red edges. 5*s*.

Prejevalsky (N. M.). Travels in Mongolia. By N. M. PREJEVALSKY, Lieutenant-Colonel, Russian Staff. Translated by E. DELMAR MORGAN, F.R.G.S., and Annotated by Colonel YULE, C.B. 2 vols., demy 8vo., cloth extra, with numerous Illustrations and Maps.

Preu (M. T.) German Primer. Square cloth. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Prime (I.) Fifteen Years of Prayer. Small post 8vo., cloth. 3*s*. 6*d*.

——— **(E. D. G.) Around the World.** Sketches of Travel through Many Lands and over Many Seas, 8vo., Illustrated. 14*s*.

——— **(W. C.) I go a-Fishing.** Small post 8vo., cloth. 5*s*.

Publishers' Circular (The), and General Record of British and Foreign Literature; giving a transcript of the title-page of every work published in Great Britain, and every work of interest published abroad, with lists of all the publishing houses.

Published regularly on the 1st and 15th of every Month, and forwarded post free to all parts of the world on payment of 8*s*. per annum.

(*See also* page 48.)

Purdy (W.) The City Life, a Review of Finance and Commerce. Crown 8vo., cloth.

RALSTON (W. R. S.) Early Russian History. Four Lectures delivered at Oxford by W. R. S. RALSTON, M.A. Crown 8vo., cloth extra. 5*s*.

Randolph (Mrs.) Clarice Adair. 3 vols. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*. Second Edition.

Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. By Dr. JOHNSON. With Introduction by the Rev. WILLIAM WEST, Vicar of Nairn. (Bayard Series.) 2*s.* 6*d.*

Read (S.) Leaves from a Sketch Book: Pencillings of Travel at Home and Abroad. By SAMUEL READ. Royal 4to. containing about 130 Engravings on Wood, cloth extra. 25*s.*

"We do not think that the season is likely to yield a more artistic, suggestive, and beautiful gift-book than this."—*Nonconformist.*

Reminiscences of America in 1869, by Two Englishmen. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Retzsch (M.) Outlines to Burger's Ballads. Etchings by MORITZ RETZSCH. With Text, Explanations, and Notes. Designs. Oblong 4to., cloth extra. 10*s* 6*d.*

——— **Outlines to Goethe's Faust.** Etchings by MORITZ RETZSCH. 26 Etchings. Oblong 4to., cloth extra. 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Outlines to Schiller's "Fight with the Dragon," and "Fredoline."** Etchings by MORITZ RETZSCH. 26 Etchings. Oblong 4to., cloth extra. 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Outlines to Schiller's "Lay of the Bell."** Comprising 42 Etchings, after Designs engraved by MORITZ RETZSCH. With Lord Lytton's Translation. New Edition. Oblong 4to., cloth extra. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Reynard the Fox. The Prose Translation by the late THOMAS ROSCOE. With about 100 exquisite Illustrations on Wood, after designs by A. J. ELWES. Imperial 16mo. cloth extra, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Richardson (A. S.) Stories from Old English Poetry. Small post 8vo., cloth. 5*s.*

Rivington's (F.) Life of St. Paul. With map. 5*s.*

Rochefoucauld's Reflections. Flexible cloth extra. 2*s.* 6*d.* (Bayard Series.)

Rogers (S.) Pleasures of Memory. *See* "Choice Editions of Choice Books." 2*s.* 6*d.*

Rohlfs (Dr. G.) Adventures in Morocco and Journeys through the Oases of Draa and Tafilet. By Dr. GERHARD ROHLFS, Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. Translated from the German. With an Introduction by WINWOOD READE. Demy 8vo. Map, and Portrait of the Author, cloth extra, 12*s.*

Rose Library (The). Popular Literature of all countries. 1*s.* each volume. Many of the volumes are Illustrated. The following volumes are now ready:—

1. **Sea-Gull Rock.** By JULES SANDEAU. Illustrated. 1*s.*
2. **Little Women.** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 1*s.*
3. **Little Women Wedded.** (Forming a Sequel to "Little Women." 1*s.*
4. **The House on Wheels.** By MADAME DE STOLZ. Illustrated. 1*s.*
5. **Little Men.** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 1*s.*
6. **The Old-Fashioned Girl.** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 1*s.*
7. **The Mistress of the Manse.** By J. G. HOLLAND. 1*s.*
8. **Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Single and Married.** 1*s.*

Rose Library (The), *continued*—

9. **Undine, and the Two Captains.** By Baron DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ. A new Translation by F. E. BUNNETT. Illustrated. 1*s.*
10. **Draxy Miller's Dowry and the Elder's Wife.** By SAXE HOLM. 1*s.*
11. **The Four Gold Pieces.** By Madame GOURAUD. Numerous Illustrations. 1*s.*
12. **Work:** a Story of Experience. First Portion. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 1*s.*
13. **Beginning Again:** being a continuation of "Work." By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. 1*s.*
14. **Picciola; or, The Prison Flower.** By X. B. SAINTINE. Numerous graphic Illustrations. 1*s.*
15. **Robert's Holidays.** Illustrated. 1*s.*
16. **The Two Children of St. Domingo.** Numerous Illustrations. 1*s.*
17. **Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag.** 1*s.*
18. **Stowe (Mrs. H. B.) The Pearl of Orr's Island.** 1*s*
19. —— **The Minister's Wooing.** 1*s.*
20. —— **Betty's Bright Idea.** 1*s.*
21. —— **The Ghost in the Mill.** 1*s.*
22. —— **Captain Kidd's Money.** 1*s.*
23. —— **We and Our Neighbours.** (Double vol.), 2*s.*
24. —— **My Wife and I.** (Double vol.), 2*s.*
25. **Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates.** 1*s.*
26. **Lowell's My Study Window.** 1*s.*
27. **Holmes (O. W.) The Guardian Angel.**
28. **Warner (C. D.) My Summer in a Garden.**

Notice.—The Volumes in this Series are also published in a more expensive form on fine toned paper, cloth extra, gilt edges, at 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* 6*d.* each, according to size, &c. *See* Low's **Half-Crown Series.**

Ruth and Gabriel. A Novel. By LAURENCE CHENY.

"The reader's interest is sustained from the first page to the last."—*Scotsman.*

SANTO DOMINGO, Past and Present. *See* **Hazard.**

Sauer's (E.) Handbook of European Commerce. What to Buy and Where to Buy it, &c. By GEORGE SAUER, for many years Correspondent of the "New York Herald." Crown 8vo., cloth. 5*s.* [*In the press.*

Schiller's Lay of the Bell, translated by **Lord Lytton.** With 42 illustrations after Retsch. Oblong 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.*

School Prizes. *See* **Books.**

Schuyler (E.) Turkistan. *See* **Turkistan.**

Schweinfurth (Dr. G.) The Heart of Africa; or, Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of the Centre of Africa. By Dr. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH. Translated by ELLEN E. FREWER. Two volumes, 8vo., upwards of 500 pages each, with 130 Woodcuts from Drawings made by the Author, and 2 Maps. 42*s.* [*Second Edition.*

—— **Artes Africanæ.** Illustrations and Descriptions of Productions of the Natural Arts of Central African Tribes. With 26 Lithographed Plates. Imperial 4to., boards. 28*s.* [*Ready.*

Sea-Gull Rock. By Jules Sandeau, of the French Academy. Translated by ROBERT BLACK, M.A. With Seventy-nine very beautiful Woodcuts. Royal 16mo., cloth extra, gilt edges. 7*s.* 6*d.* Cheaper Edition, cloth gilt, 2*s.* 6*d.* *See also* Rose Library.

"It deserves to please the new nation of boys to whom it is presented." —*Times.*

Shooting: its Appliances, Practice, and Purpose. By JAMES DALZIEL DOUGALL, F.S.A., F.Z.A., Author of "Scottish Field Sports," &c. Crown 8vo., cloth extra. 10*s.* 6*d.*

"The book is admirable in every way . . . . We wish it every success."—*Globe.*

"A very complete treatise . . . Likely to take high rank as an authority on shooting."—*Daily News.*

Silent Hour (The). *See* Gentle Life Series.

Simson (W.) A History of the Gipsies, with specimens of the Gipsy Language. 10*s.* 6*d.* New Edition.

Sketches from an Artist's Portfolio. By SYDNEY P. HALL. Folio, cloth extra. 3*l.* 3*s.*

N. B.—This volume contains about 60 Facsimiles of the original Sketches by this well-known Artist during his travels in various parts of Europe.

"A portfolio which any one might be glad to call their own."—*Times.*

Sketches of Life and Scenery in Australia. By a Twenty-five Years' Resident. 1 vol., demy 8vo., cloth extra. 14*s.*

Smith (G.) Assyrian Explorations and Discoveries. By GEORGE SMITH (of the British Museum). Illustrated by Photographs and numerous Woodcut Illustrations of his recent Discoveries. Demy 8vo. 18*s.* Fifth edition.

——— The Chaldean Account of Genesis. Containing the description of the Creation, the Fall of Man, the Deluge, the Tower of Babel, the Times of the Patriarchs, and Nimrod; Babylonian Fables, and Legends of the Gods; from the Cuneiform Inscriptions. By GEORGE SMITH, of the Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum, Author of "History of Assurbanipal," "Assyrian Discoveries," &c., &c. With many Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth extra. 16*s.* Third Edition.

Smith and Hamilton's French Dictionary. 2 vols. Cloth, 21*s.*; half roan, 22*s.*

Spain. Illustrated by GUSTAVE DORÉ. Text by the BARON CH. D'AVILLIER. This fine work contains over 240 wood engravings, half of them being full-page size. All after drawings by the celebrated artist. Imperial 4to., elaborately bound in cloth, gilt extra, gilt edges. £3 3*s.* [*Now ready.*

"In the summer of 1872 the Baron Charles D'Avillier and M. Gustave Doré set out on a long projected tour through Spain. What they saw and heard on that tour is now reproduced in a large and handsome volume, the office of translator being ably filled by Mr. J. Thomson, F.R.G.S. . . . They seem certainly to have made good use of their time these two gentlemen, and have seen pretty nearly everything worth seeing."—*Times.*

Socrates. Memoirs, from Xenophon's Memorabilia. By E. LEVIEN. Flexible cloth. 2*s.* 6*d.* Bayard Series.

Spooner (Very Rev. E.) St. Oswald's Sunday School. Small post 8vo., cloth. [*In the press.*

Stanley (H. M.) How I Found Livingstone. Crown 8vo., cloth extra. 7*s.* 6*d.*

*** This Edition has been revised most carefully from beginning to end and all matters of a personal or irrelevant character omitted.

——— **"My Kalulu," Prince, King, and Slave.** A Story from Central Africa. Crown 8vo., about 430 pp., with numerous graphic Illustrations, after Original Designs by the Author. Cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Coomassie and Magdala:** A Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. Demy 8vo., with Maps and Illustrations, 16*s.* Second Edition.

Steele (Thos.) Under the Palms. A Volume of Verse. By THOMAS STEELE, translator of "An Eastern Love Story." Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, 5*s.*

Stewart (D.) Outlines of Moral Philosophy, by Dr. McCosh. New edition. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Mental Philosophy.** 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Stolz (Madame) The House on Wheels. Small post 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* *See also* Rose Library.

Stone (J. B.) A Tour with Cook Through Spain. Illustrated by Photographs. Crown 8vo., cloth. 6*s.*

Storey's (Justice) Works. *See* **Low's American Catalogue.**

Story without an End, from the German of Carové, by the late Mrs. SARAH T. AUSTIN, crown 4to. with 15 exquisite drawings by E. V. B., printed in colours in facsimile of the original water colours, and numerous other illustrations. New edition. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— square, with illustrations by HARVEY. 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— **of the Great March,** a Diary of General Sherman's Campaign through Georgia and the Carolinas. Numerous illustrations. 12mo. cloth, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Stowe (Mrs. Beecher). Dred. Tauchnitz edition. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*, also in boards, 1*s.*

——— **Geography,** with 60 illustrations. Square cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Little Foxes.** Cheap edition, 1*s.*; library edition, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Stowe (Mrs. Beecher). Minister's Wooing. 5*s.*; copyright series, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*

—— **Old Town Folk.** 6*s.* Cheap Edition, 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Old Town Fireside Stories.** Cloth extra. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— **My Wife and I; or, Harry Henderson's History.** Small post 8vo, cloth extra. 6*s.*

—— **We and Our Neighbours.** 1 vol., small post 8vo., 6*s.* Sequel to "My Wife and I."

—— **Pink and White Tyranny.** Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* Cheap Edition, 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.*

—— **Queer Little People.** 1*s.*; cloth, 2*s.*

—— **Chimney Corner.** 1*s.*; cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

—— **The Pearl of Orr's Island.** Crown 8vo. 5*s.*

—— **Little Pussey Willow.** Fcap. 2*s.*

—— **Woman in Sacred History.** Illustrated with 15 chromo-lithographs and about 200 pages of letterpress, forming one of the most elegant and attractive volumes ever published. Demy 4to. cloth extra, gilt edges, price 1*l.* 5*s.*

Studies from Nature. Four Plates, with Descriptive Letterpress. By STEPHEN THOMPSON. Imperial 4to., 4*s.* 6*d.* each part. Parts 1, 2, 3, and 4. (Complete in 6 parts.) [*Now ready.*

"Altogether the style of the work is excellent."—*British Journal of Photography.*

Sub-Tropical Rambles. *See* **Pike (N.)**

Suburban Sketches, by the Author of "Venetian Life." Post 8vo. 6*s.*

Sullivan (G. C.) Dhow Chasing in Zanzibar Waters and on the Eastern Coast of Africa; a Narrative of Five Years' Experiences in the suppression of the Slave Trade. With Illustrations from Photographs and Sketches taken on the spot by the Author. Demy 8vo, cloth extra. 16*s.* Second Edition.

Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life, by the Author of "The Gayworthys," Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Sweet not Lasting. A Novel, by ANNIE B. LEFURT. 1 vol. crown 8vo., cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Swiss Family Robinson. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

TAUCHNITZ'S English Editions of German Authors. Each volume cloth flexible, 2*s.*; or sewed, 1*s.* 6*d.* The following are now ready:—

On the Heights. By B. AUERBACH. 3 vols.

In the Year '13. By FRITZ REUTER. 1 vol.

Faust. By GOETHE. 1 vol.

L'Arrabiata. By PAUL HEYSE. 1 vol.

The Princess, and other Tales. By HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE. 1 vol.

Lessing's Nathan the Wise, and Emilia Galotti.

Hackländer's Behind the Counter, translated by MARY HOWITT. 2 vols.

Three Tales. By W. HAUFF.

Joachim v. Kammern; Diary of a Poor Young Lady. By M. NATHUSIUS.

Poems by Ferdinand Freiligrath. Edited by his daughter.

Gabriel. From the German. By ARTHUR MILMAN.

The Dead Lake, and other Tales. By P. HEYSE.

Through Night to Light. By GUTZKOW.

Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces. By JEAN PAUL RICHTER. 2 vols.

The Princess of the Moor. By Miss MARLITT. 2 vols.

An Egyptian Princess. By G. EBERS. 2 vols.

Ekkehard. By J. V. SCHEFFEL. 2 vols.

Barbarossa and other Tales. By PAUL HEYSE. From the German. By L. C. S.

Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship. By GOETHE. 2 vols.

Prince Bismarck, a Biographical Sketch by WILHELM GÖRLACH. 1 vol.

Doubtful Plays of Shakespeare.

Tauchnitz (B.) German and English Dictionary, Paper, 1*s.*; cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*; roan, 2*s.*

——— **French and English.** Paper 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.* roan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Italian and English.** Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.* roan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Spanish and English.** Paper, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.*; roan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— **New Testament.** Cloth, 2*s.*; gilt, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Tayler (C. B.) Sacred Records, &c., in Verse. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Persis. A Narrative of the Seventeenth Century.** Small post 8vo., cloth. 5*s.*

Taylor (Bayard) The Byeways of Europe; Visits by Unfrequented Routes to Remarkable Places. By BAYARD TAYLOR, author of "Views Afoot." 2 vols. post 8vo. 16*s.*

——— **Travels in Greece and Russia.** Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Northern Europe.** Post 8vo. Cloth, 8*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Egypt and Iceland.** 8*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Beauty and the Beast.** Crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— **A Summer in Colorado.** Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Joseph and his Friend.** Post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Views Afoot.** Enamelled boards, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.* *See* Low's Copyright Edition.

Tennyson's May Queen; choicely Illustrated from designs by the Hon. Mrs. BOYLE. Crown 8vo. *See* Choice Series. 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Banns of Marriage. By DUTTON COOK, Author of "Hobson's Choice," &c. 2 vols., crown 8vo., 21*s.*

The Fool of the Family, and other Tales. By JOHN DANGERFIELD. 2 vols., crown 8vo., 21*s.*

This Indenture Witnesseth. By Mrs. ALFRED HUNT, Author of "Under Seal of Confession," &c. 3 vols., crown 8vo., 31*s.* 6*d.*

Thomson (J.) The Straits of Malacca, Indo-China, and China; or, Ten Years' Travels, Adventures, and Residence Abroad. By J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S., Author of "Illustrations of China and its People." Upwards of 60 Woodcuts, from the Author's own Photographs and Sketches. Demy 8vo, cloth extra. 21*s.*

Thompson (Stephen). Old English Homes: a Summer's Sketch-Book. By STEPHEN THOMPSON, Author of "Swiss Scenery," &c. 25 very fine Permanent Photographs by the Author. Demy 4to., cloth extra, gilt edges, 2*l.* 2*s.* [*Ready.*

Thorne (E.) The Queen of the Colonies; or, Queensland as I saw it. 1 vol., with Map. [*Shortly.*

Thornwell Abbas. 2 vols. 21*s.*

Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Single and Married. Cloth, 2*s.* (See also Rose Library.)

Tinne (J. E.) The Wonderland of the Antipodes: Sketches of Travel in the North Island of New Zealand. Illustrated with numerous Photographs. Demy 8vo., cloth extra. 16*s.*

Tischendorf (Dr.) The New Testament. *See* New Testament.

Tissandier (Gaston). A History and Handbook of Photography. Translated from the French of GASTON TISSANDIER; edited by J. THOMPSON, F.R.G.S. Imperial 16mo., over 300 pages, and 75 Wood Engravings and a Frontispiece, cloth extra, 6*s*.

"This work should find a place on the shelves of every photographer's library."—*The British Journal of Photography*.

"This capital handbook will tend to raise photography once more to its true position as a science, and to a high place amongst the fine arts." —*The Spectator*.

Tolhausen (A.) The Technological Dictionary in the French, English, and German Languages. Containing the Technical Terms used in the Arts, Manufactures, and Industrial Affairs generally. Revised and Augmented by M. Louis Tolhausen, French Consul at Leipzig.

The First Part, containing French-German-English, crown 8vo. 2 vols. sewed, 8*s*.; 1 vol. half roan, 9*s*.

The Second Part, containing English-German-French, crown 8vo. 2 vols. sewed, 8*s*.; 1 vol. bound, 9*s*.

The Third Part, containing German-English-French. Crown 8vo., 2 vols. sewed, 8*s*.; 1 vol. bound, 9*s*.

Trollope (A.) Harry Heathcote of Gangoil. A Story of Bush Life in Australia. With graphic Illustrations. In 1 vol. Small post, cloth extra, 5*s*. Second Edition.

Trowbridge (A. C.). The Young Surveyor. 1 vol., small post 8vo., cloth extra, with numerous Illustrations, 5*s*. [*Ready*.

Tuckermann (C. K.) The Greeks of To-day. Crown 8vo. cloth. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Turkistan. Notes of a Journey in the Russian Provinces of Central Asia and the Khanates of Bokhara and Kokand. By EUGENE SCHUYLER, Secretary to the American Legation, St. Petersburg. Numerous illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth extra. [*Nearly ready*.

Turner (Rev. F. S.) British Opium Policy. [*In the press*.

Twining (Miss). Illustrations of the Natural Orders of Plants, with Groups and Descriptions. By ELIZABETH TWINING. Reduced from the folio edition, splendidly illustrated in colours from nature. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. 5*l*. 5*s*.

Under Seal of Confession. By AVERIL BEAUMONT, Author of "Thornicroft's Model." 3 vols. crown 8vo., cloth. 31*s*. 6*d*.

ANDENHOFF'S (George), Clerical Assistant. Fcap. 3*s*. 6*d*.

——— **Ladies' Reader (The).** Fcap. 5*s*.

VERNE'S (JULES) WORKS.

Five Weeks in a Balloon. New Edition. Numerous Illustrations, printed on Toned Paper, and uniformly with "Around the World," &c. Square crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

Meridiana: Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa. Translated from the French. With Numerous Illustrations. Royal 16mo., cloth extra, gilt edges. *7s. 6d.*

The Fur Country. Crown 8vo. With upwards of 80 Illustrations. Cloth extra. *10s. 6d.*

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. Translated and Edited by the Rev. L. P. MERCIER, M.A. With 113 very Graphic Woodcuts. Large post 8vo., cloth extra, gilt edges. *10s. 6d.*

Around the World in Eighty Days. Numerous Illustrations. Square crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*

From the Earth to the Moon, and a Trip Round It. Numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth, gilt edges. *10s. 6d.* New Edition.

A Floating City and the Blockade Runners. Containing about 50 very fine Full-page Illustrations. Square crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt edges. *7s. 6d.*

Dr. Ox's Experiment; Master Zacharius; A Drama in the Air; A Winter Amid the Ice, &c. Numerous full-page Illustrations. Cloth, gilt edges. *7s. 6d.*

The Mysterious Island. In 3 Vols., all Illustrated. Square crown 8vo., cloth extra. *7s. 6d.* each.

The Titles of the Volumes are:—

1. **Dropped from the Clouds.**
2. **Abandoned.**
3. **The Secret of the Island.**

The Survivors of the Chancellor. 1 vol., square crown 8vo., with many Illustrations. *7s. 6d.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Messrs. SAMPSON LOW & Co. beg to inform the public, in reply to many inquiries with reference to an announcement of Cheap Editions of JULES VERNE'S WORKS by other houses, that they are the Sole Proprietors of the Copyright in all the Translations of the Works by this Author published by themselves.

The English Copyright of French Works, under the International Copyright Law, being of limited duration, they wish to intimate that, as the original Copyrights fall in by lapse of time (or in anticipation thereof), it is their intention, with a view to meet the requirements of those readers who wish to possess these interesting books, but who are unwilling to purchase the more elaborately illustrated editions, to issue their Copyright Translations in the cheapest possible form. Accordingly, they have prepared and have now ready—

1. **Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa.** Illustrated. *1s.*

Verne's (Jules) Works, *continued*—

2. **Five Weeks in a Balloon.** Illustrated. 1*s.*
3. **A Floating City.** Illustrated. 1*s.*
4. **The Blockade Runners.** Illustrated. 1*s.*
5. **From the Earth to the Moon.** Illustrated. 1*s.*
6. **Around the Moon.** Illustrated. 1*s.*
7. **Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea.** Vol. I. 1*s.*
8. Ditto ditto Vol. II. 1*s.*

These volumes are printed in large type, on good paper, contain several Illustrations, and are published at ONE SHILLING EACH, in a very handsome and attractive cover.

N.B.—These works will continue to be sold in the original form, and at the usual prices.

*** The remaining and forthcoming works, having yet many years of Copyright to run, and having been produced at an immense expense, both as to Author's Copyright and Illustration, will not yet be brought out in any other form than as at present.

The Public must kindly be careful to order LOW'S AUTHOR'S EDITIONS.

Vincent (F.) The Land of the White Elephant: Sights and Scenes in South-Eastern Asia. With Maps, Plans, and Illustrations. 8vo. cloth extra. 18*s.*

WALLER (Rev. C. H.) The Names on the Gates of Pearl, and other Studies. By the Rev. C. H. WALLER, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. 6*s.*

Warburton's (Col. Egerton) Journey across Australia. An Account of the Exploring Expedition sent out by Messrs. Elder and Hughes, under the command of Colonel Egerton Warburton; giving a full Account of his Perilous Journey from the centre to Roebourne, Western Australia. With Illustrations and a Map. Edited, with an Introductory Chapter, by H. W. BATES, Esq., of the Royal Geographical Society. Demy 8vo. cloth. 16*s.*

Warner (C. D.) My Summer in a Garden. Boards, 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth, 2*s.* (Low's Copyright Series.)

——— **Back-log Studies.** Boards 1*s.* 6*d.*; cloth 2*s.* (Low's Copyright Series.)

——— **Mummies and Moslems.** [*In the press.*

Weppner (M.) The Northern Star and Southern Cross. Being the Personal Experiences, Impressions, and Observations of Margaretha Weppner, in a Voyage Round the World. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, cloth. 24*s.*

Werner (Carl), Nile Sketches, Painted from Nature during his travels through Egypt. Imperial folio, in Cardboard Wrapper. Complete in Five Parts. The four first at £3 10*s.* each; Part V. at £2 5*s.*

Westropp (H. M.) A Manual of Precious Stones and Antique Gems. By HODDER M. WESTROPP, Author of "The Traveller's Art Companion," "Pre-Historic Phases," &c. Numerous Illustrations. Small post 8vo, cloth extra. 6*s.*

Wheaton (Henry) Elements of International Law. New edition. [*In the press.*

When George the Third was King. 2 vols., post 8vo. 21*s.*

Whitall (Alice B.) On the Rock. A Memoir of Alice B. Whitall, by Mrs. PEARSALL SMITH. Small post, cloth. 2*s.*

White (J.) Te Rou; or, The Maori at Home. Exhibiting the Social Life, Manners, Habits, and Customs of the Maori Race in New Zealand prior to the introduction of civilization amongst them. Crown 8vo. cloth extra. 10*s.* 6*d.*

White (R. G.) Memoirs of the Life of William Shake-speare. Post 8vo. Cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Whitney (Mrs. A. D. T.) The Gayworthys. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Faith Gartney.** Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* And in Low's Cheap Series, 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.*

——— **Real Folks.** 12mo. crown. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Hitherto.** Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Sights and Insights.** 3 vols. crown. 31*s.* 6*d.*

——— **Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life.** Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **The Other Girls.** Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 3*s.* 6*d.*

——— **We Girls.** Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* Cheap Edition. 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.*

Whyte (J. W. H.) A Land Journey from Asia to Europe. Crown 8vo. 12*s.*

Wikoff (H.) The Four Civilizations of the World. An Historical Retrospect. Crown 8vo., cloth. 6*s.*

Wills, A Few Hints on Proving, without Professional Assistance. By a PROBATE COURT OFFICIAL. Fourth Edition, revised and considerably enlarged, with Forms of Wills, Residuary Accounts, &c. Fcap. 8vo., cloth limp. 1*s.*

Wilson (F. H.). Rambles in Northern India; with Incidents and Descriptions of the many scenes of the Mutiny, including Allahabad, Cawnpore, Delhi, Lucknow, &c., with permament Photographic Views. By FRANCESCA H. WILSON, Author of "Truth Better than Fiction." 4to., cloth extra, gilt edges. £1 1*s.*

Winter at the Italian Lakes. With Frontispiece View of Lake Como. Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Woman's (A) Faith. A Novel. By the Author of "Ethel." 3 vols. Post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Wonders of Sculpture. *See* **Viardot.**

Woolsey (C. D., LL.D.). Introduction to the Study of International Law; designed as an Aid in Teaching and in Historical Studies. Reprinted from the last American edition, and at a much lower price. Crown 8vo., cloth extra. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Worcester's (Dr.), New and Greatly Enlarged Dictionary of the English Language. Adapted for Library or College Reference, comprising 40,000 Words more than Johnson's Dictionary. 4to. cloth, 1,834 pp. Price 31*s.* 6*d.* well bound; ditto, half mor. 2*l.* 2*s.*

"The volumes before us show a vast amount of diligence; but with Webster it is diligence in combination with fancifulness,—with Worcester in combination with good sense and judgment. Worcester's is the soberer and safer book, and may be pronounced the best existing English Lexicon."—*Athenæum.*

Words of Wellington, Maxims and Opinions, Sentences and Reflections of the Great Duke, gathered from his Despatches, Letters, and Speeches (Bayard Series). 2*s.* 6*d.*

Young (L.) Acts of Gallantry; giving a detail of every act for which the Silver Medal of the Royal Humane Society has been granted during the last Forty-one years. Crown 8vo., cloth. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Young (J. F.) Five Weeks in Greece.

Xenophon's Anabasis; or, Expedition of Cyrus. A Literal Translation, chiefly from the Text of Diadorf, by George B. Wheeler. Books I to III. Crown 8vo. boards. 2*s.*

——**Books I. to VII.** Boards. 3*s.* 6*d.*

LONDON:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,

CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET, E.C.

CHISWICK PRESS:—PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.